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**A TRIBUTE
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PARENTAL AFFECTION.**

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A BELOVED AND ONLY DAUGHTER.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHARACTER AND DEATH OF

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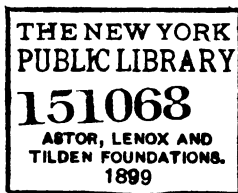
GIVING A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND
DEATH OF HER ELDER BROTHER, CHARLES STANGER
JERRAM, WHO DIED SEPT. 26, 1824.

CHARLES JERRAM, A.M.,

...: Sixth Edition.

MDCCXXVII.

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"The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry?—
All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the
flower of the field. The grass withereth; the flower fadeth,
because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: but the
word of our God shall stand for ever." Isaiah xl. 6—8.

"With peaceful mind, thy path of duty run;
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But what thou wouldst thyself, couldst thou but see
Through all events of things as well as he."

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PREFACE
TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I AM unwilling to send forth the Second Edition of my Tribute of Parental Affection to the Memory of my beloved Daughter, without expressing my grateful acknowledgments for the many testimonies I have received of the interest it has excited, and the hopes that are entertained of its becoming useful. Should these anticipations be realized, I shall see at least *one* sufficient reason for the affecting circumstances of my daughter's death, and her premature removal from her

afflicted friends. If God be glorified, and our fellow-creatures benefited, whether it be by life, or by death, we have cause to rejoice; and though the heart still bleeds at every recollection of this most amiable and excellent daughter, yet we shall consider it as a high privilege to have trained a child on whom God has conferred the peculiar honour of deducing from her death more abundant fruit than could have been reasonably expected from a protracted life.

I had some doubts, when I sent the former edition to the press, whether I had not suffered the feelings of the parent too much to blend with the narrative of the daughter; and I have, perhaps, laid myself open to observation for the minute detail of circumstances which naturally arose from this fullness of heart. But I found it almost impossible to forego this indulgence of feeling;

and I gained some mitigation of sorrow by giving it vent. Nor am I without hope that some advantage even to my readers may result from it. If, as I believe, the narrative will not be read by any without interest, and if the lessons it is calculated to teach be of prime importance, it may be reasonably hoped that the emotions of the heart may come in aid of the conviction of the mind, and produce a more permanent effect than could be expected from the mere deductions of reason. If it were as easy to make Christians, as it is to convince men that they ought to be such, very few, in this day of light and activity, would continue strangers to the power of religion ; but, alas ! the passions are too powerful for the understanding ; and unless we can bring the affections to co-operate with the mind, it will be still said,

Video meliora, proboque ;

Deteriora sequor ;—

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or, in the language of the apostle, we shall complain, "when I would do good, evil is present with me." Should this Memoir, as I trust it will, put the feelings in motion, my earnest prayer is, that the Holy Spirit may give them a right direction.

To the former edition a few other particulars have been added, and the whole is presented in a somewhat improved form of type and letter-press.

Chobham House,
Dec. 29, 1823.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

It has pleased Divine Providence in his inscrutable wisdom, again to visit us with a sore domestic calamity. Little more than sixteen months have elapsed since our only and beloved daughter was cut off in the midst of her days, and the hopes of her parents. The tears had not ceased to flow for the loss of this amiable and pious daughter, when my eldest son also was summoned to appear in the presence of God, and to join in a better world the society of his sister, who had long been his beloved companion

and confidential friend. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they are not divided." But how deeply this stroke has entered into our soul, I will not attempt to describe. I am thankful, however, to record the goodness of God in preserving us from entertaining "hard thoughts" of his dispensations. We "lay our hand upon our mouth," and "keep silence before him." It is enough, O Lord, that "it is *thy* doing." May we bow in humble submission to thy will, and steadfastly believe that though "clouds and darkness are round about thee, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy throne!"

I am fully aware that it requires an apology for a second time obtruding my domestic affliction on the attention of the public; and I should have refrained from doing so, had it not appeared to me that

some of the readers of my "Tribute of Affection to the memory of my daughter," might receive both instruction and encouragement from a short account of the last hours of my son. Many would rise from the perusal of the affecting scene through which my daughter passed, when death first presented himself before her, with strong emotions; and notwithstanding what I had written to prepare the mind for it, and the peaceful conclusion of the event, might still wonder that a character like hers should have undergone such alarm; and might thus feel apprehensive that religion itself is no security against the terrors of death. I think, indeed, that the circumstances of the case, when properly weighed, would by no means authorize such a conclusion; and that the reasons I there stated would account for the whole, without in the

least invalidating the power of christian principles to sustain the mind in the severest conflicts. However, facts strike us more forcibly than reasons; and as my son passed through the whole of "the valley of the shadow of death without fearing any evil," I am desirous of placing, in connexion with my dear daughter's last hours, those of her beloved brother: and I trust, when both are taken together, they will form a body of evidence in favour of the excellence of religion, and the unspeakable comfort of possessing a firm confidence in the atoning sacrifice, which can scarcely fail to convince my readers of the infinite advantage which a Christian enjoys over the rest of the world; and will show that even the young may acquire that maturity of experience, and "full assurance of hope," which will fortify their minds against the fear of death, and

make them willing to relinquish, in the prospect of "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," all that had taken the firmest hold of their affections, and bound them with the strongest cords to earthly enjoyments.

I will only add, that seldom were two persons of more congenial dispositions, habits, and tempers, than my two departed children. They had been brought up under the same discipline, had imbibed the same instruction, and they brought forth similar "fruits of righteousness." They were both active in their different spheres in promoting the cause of religion; they both "went about doing good," visiting the cottages of the poor, communicating religious instruction to the ignorant, and especially delighting in instilling christian principles into the minds of children. A re-

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markable coincidence, also, will be observed in several of the circumstances of their death; and their transition from this world to that of glory was alike calm and peaceful. They were both “trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord,” and they are now bearing “fruit unto eternal life” in a more kindred soil and happier clime.

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A TRIBUTE
OF
PARENTAL AFFECTION.

SEVERAL motives induce me to draw up a short memoir of my deceased daughter. The first is, an unwillingness that her much loved image, now fresh and vivid on my mind, should fade away. We are told, as a solace of our grief, that time will remove the sorrowful impressions which her-death has occasioned; and that other events and things will take place of those, which now almost exclusively occupy our heart and affections. This, I dare say, will be the case: and it is right that it should; otherwise the business of life would stand still; and the strength and spirits, which should be employed in discharging the duties of our station, would be exhausted in mournful recollections and unavailing

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regrets. But there is an evil on the other hand. The affliction is calculated and intended to do good; and the benefit of it may be lost by a premature forgetfulness. Bereavements like these soften the heart, and fit us for sympathy: they unmask a vain world, and stamp an infinite value on religion: they set us on the pursuit of substantial good, and quicken our zeal: they detach us from the creature, endear the Saviour, sweeten the promises, and animate our graces; and by placing us on the verge of both worlds, exhibit the transcendent importance of that which is to come, and stimulate us to a daily preparation for its society and enjoyments. Some of our best lessons therefore are taught us in this school; and it is wise rather to seek proficiency in it, than to be in haste to get out of it. Now, in this case, it fortunately happens, that our wishes coincide with our interest. We have no desire to dry up our tears. The tendency is to the opposite extreme. The mind lingers on the beloved object which occasions the sorrow, and refuses to be torn from it. There seems to be a sort of cruelty in the very thought of forgetting it, and the whole tide of feeling propels us in one direction. There is danger, it is true, lest the mind should be so absorbed in the bereavement as to see nothing but unkindness in

the hand which occasioned it, and to refuse the instruction which it is intended to impart: but a Christian will be on his guard against this. He will resolve what he cannot understand into the inscrutable counsels of Him, who is as benignant in his purposes as he is wise in the means by which he effects them; and he will never rest till he is persuaded that, though "clouds and darkness are round about him, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

And I desire here to record my full and entire acquiescence in this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence. The trial was indeed as unexpected as it is great. It has wounded us in the most vital part; and at a stroke has cut the principal cord which bound us down to earth. Neither my dear wife nor myself, at present, see how the loss is to be repaired, nor the sad vacancy to be supplied: and in the bitterness of our grief we are sometimes inclined to say, "We will go down to the grave to our daughter mourning," as the afflicted Patriarch said on the supposed death of his beloved Joseph: but this is only in the agony of our minds, and the paroxysm of sorrow: our general feeling is, I trust, of a different nature, We dare not complain; nor have we been suffered to "charge God foolishly."

All, we feel persuaded, is well, though we do not at present see the event in its full and important bearings; and we say, I hope from the heart, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

Another of the causes which have induced me to offer this "Tribute of Affection to the memory of a beloved and only Daughter" is, the natural desire we all have to perpetuate the memory of those who are dear to us. It is to this feeling that we must chiefly ascribe what antiquity has handed down to us that is excellent in poetry, in statuary, and in painting. Hence have arisen the marble tablets and sumptuous monuments of modern times: and so strong and universal is this impulse, that even the poor will abridge themselves of the necessities of life to raise a frail memorial, and to inscribe it with the name, and to adorn it with the eulogy of those who were dear to them: each, in his own way, and according to the best of his ability, is desirous of raising a monument to rescue from oblivion the memory of those whom he loved and esteemed. Let me not then be thought singular if I devote a portion of the talent which God has given me, in recording the excellent qualities of an only daughter. If I possess at all the ability to write her memorial,

it would seem a want of feeling to refuse the slender boon ; and though, had the intimation of such an intention been given her at any period of her life, she would have been most reluctant to accept the offer : and would have expressed her surprise that it could enter the mind of her father to speak of qualities in her, which she never supposed to exist ; yet this is no reason why the memorial of them should be withheld ; it rather furnishes one of the strongest motives for recording them, for if so many excellences were actually possessed by an individual, who was unconscious of having any of them, we have the most satisfactory evidence of her deep humility ; and in this, as in all other cases, it is found that “ before honour is humility,” and that “ he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

Besides these motives for my undertaking, I may add, that so deeply has my heart been affected by this dispensation of Providence, that I have been hitherto unable to turn my thoughts into any other channel. Be where I may, or occupied in whatever business, the thought that—my daughter is gone ! frequently rushes on my mind with such an overwhelming violence, as to carry me entirely away ; and it is only when I can contemplate the event in its different bearings, and trace it to the unerring direction of infinite wisdom and goodness,

that I am able to obtain any repose. The subject then being ever uppermost in my mind, and being continually viewed in the light of God's Word, and in reference to the future world, it is not surprising that I have been brought to think that some remarks engrafted on my review of her life, and the circumstances of her death, may be useful to others; and as I happen now to have somewhat more leisure for such an undertaking than I have usually enjoyed, I humbly hope that I may indulge my inclination, and employ my time with some profit to others; and I have had an especial eye in this narration to her surviving brothers, to her affectionate friends, and to parents and children in general.

I am greatly desirous that her beloved brothers should always have within reach one of the strongest and purest incentives of their affections; and the benefit of an example, which cannot fail to interest them, from their love of the original. Often have their parents enjoyed an intense pleasure in observing the harmony and blending of heart and interest of their children. It promised a harvest of the choicest blessings: it seemed to secure each from any substantial deviation from the paths of piety, seeing that none of them could do so, without rending the hearts of others, who

were equally dear with themselves. A sister can, in no circumstances, be an object of indifference; but an *only* sister, and one of the age, the attainments, the moral and Christian qualities, and the sweetness of disposition of my beloved daughter, must necessarily exercise over the minds of her younger brothers a powerful and assimilating influence. The cord however which united them is now cut asunder. They cease to walk together as the children of the same happy family. The centre which, perhaps, most powerfully attracted them to home is removed; the bosom to which they confided their hopes and desires no longer responds to their joys or their fears; the voice which so often cheered them in their little difficulties is silent in death; and the eye which glistered with delight when their prospects brightened is closed for ever. Their loss is indeed great; and it is my wish to diminish it as far as I can, by supplying them with a faithful likeness of one whom they so tenderly loved and justly admired.

But my beloved daughter had a choice selection of friends with whom she kept up a constant intercourse by visits or by letters. These loved and admired her while living; and sorrowed, with no

slight emotions, at her death. For these amiable characters I feel the most affectionate regard; and I trust they will consider it as a proof of my esteem that I have had them in view in narrating the affecting circumstances of the last four or five days of my dear Hannah's life. I am fully aware that the recital will greatly affect their susceptible minds: and some may think that a veil should have been drawn over the most agonizing part of the scene. I cannot, however, persuade myself to do this; for though it would have been more consonant with a parent's wishes to have witnessed nothing but peace in her last hours, and triumph in the mortal conflict, and to have seen her "return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy;" yet as I could not choose the circumstances of her death, I feel it a duty to record what actually took place, and to submit the facts of the case to serious reflection: nor am I sure that the example of the humble believer, clinging to the cross of Christ as her last and only support, attended with much fear lest she should be rejected, is not as instructive as that of the Christian entering into the harbour in full sail. The individual is as *safe* in one case as the other; and, all things considered, I am inclined to think that the former

is that which may more naturally be expected in a young Christian, and which does, in point of fact, more frequently occur. If, however, this narration should awaken in my young friends a more anxious solicitude about the most momentous concerns, and put them in the posture of expectation to meet "the king of terrors;" if it should lead them to a closer examination of their principles, temper, and conduct; if it should bring them to a more intimate and familiar acquaintance with the blessed Saviour, and the "precious promises" of the gospel, and cause them to take a nearer view of the world to come, and thus weaken their attachment to earthly objects, and increase their desires after holiness, as the only means of obtaining happiness; they may hope to enter into "the valley of the shadow of death" with less alarm than my beloved daughter did; and to contemplate the scene before them with more serenity and composure.

I am induced also to hope that the subject I have in hand may suggest some useful reflections to parents in general. None of these will read this narrative without interest. They will each imagine themselves placed in similar circumstances with myself, and will be desirous of having similar consolations, should they have to undergo the

same trial. The brief observations I shall make on the bringing up of my daughter may, I humbly trust, furnish some direction to those who have had less experience than myself in the education of youth ; and I shall reap no small reward from this "Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a beloved and only Daughter," if a single parent be assisted in "bringing up his child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Keeping these important objects ever before me, I will betake myself to the mournful, yet pleasing task of reviewing the life and last hours of my dear child ; and I earnestly pray that my heart may be influenced, and my pen guided by Him who has visited me with this affliction, not only for my own benefit, but to promote his glory, and the good of others.

As it forms no part of my plan to detail the minute particulars of my beloved daughter's life, I shall pass over many of her years with but few observations, and fix only on the more important stages of her short journey.

It is unnecessary to say, that the birth of this our first child, which took place at Long Sutton,

in the county of Lincoln, on the 4th of April, 1800, was to her parents an interesting event. And as it was our earnest desire to bring her up in the fear of God, as the only way to make her happy in herself, and a comfort to us, we determined to spare no pains in her education, and to commence our work at the earliest opportunity. It appeared to us preposterous to suffer the sinful tendencies of nature to gain strength, and grow into habits, under the notion that, when the mind has acquired maturity, it will assert its dominion over the passions, and reduce every thing into its proper place and order. We knew that reflection and reason come late into exercise, that they are slow in their progress, act only at intervals, are feeble in operation and uncertain in result: whilst, on the contrary, passion is coeval with our existence, is incessant in action, rapid in decision, and impatient of control. We were aware also, that if we neglected to sow wheat upon the fresh soil, the enemy would not be equally remiss in scattering tares; we were determined therefore, if possible, to pre-occupy the ground by the best seed. Nor were our early efforts disappointed. We had the satisfaction of seeing our beloved child growing up under the best promise, and every

year affording us abundant reason to believe that our labour was not spent in vain. The only time, as far as I can recollect, when I had occasion to use any thing like severity, was when she was in her second year; and I record the circumstances of it, as exemplifying my views of an important preliminary step in the training of children.

We had a family party. Her grandfather and grandmother, her uncles and aunt, were dining with us; and our little Hannah was permitted to be seated at the table. On something being presented to her by one of her relatives she was desired to say "Thank you,"—a sentence which she had but recently learned to pronounce; but upon this occasion, she was too eager to enjoy the kindness, to acknowledge the obligation to the hand from which she received it. I repeated the injunction, but without the desired effect. The affair then assumed another aspect, and an important *principle* was in agitation. Excuses were offered by her fond relatives, and the tears of the child appealed to my feelings; but I considered that a compromise in this case involved future consequences, and that the point between us must sooner or later be decided. I knew that the victory of the child would lead to fresh attempts upon

her yielding parents ; and thus I should hereafter, with a much greater expense of feeling, and to a greater disadvantage, have to renew the contest. I therefore took the child into another room, and desired her to say "Thank you," which she did immediately. I supposed from this that the conquest was complete ; but to my surprise, on returning to the dining-room, she had lost the power of uttering this short sentence. I had again to retire with her, and administer a slight correction for the disobedience ; and again, when alone with me, she repeated the difficult words ; but being a second time placed at the table, the task became insuperable, and she said, "I can't say so." Her relatives, too, whose feelings overcame, on this occasion, their good sense, joined in thinking the child could not repeat the words ; and some of them united their tears with the child's in urging me to proceed no further. The duty now became difficult. The yearnings of my own heart, the entreaties of those around me, and the sobs of the sweet child, were all on one side ; and only a sense of duty on the other. I stifled, however, my feelings, and again retired. I had no doubt of the ability of the child to pronounce the words, because she had done so every time of my withdrawing with her, and I

was determined to go through with my task. After four or five attempts, I at length succeeded, and with a throbbing heart and flowing tears, the little creature sobbed out, "Tank - - - you." Every thing now was properly settled. The victory was on the side of the parent, who knew how to make a suitable use of it, instead of the daughter, who would have abused it; the tears were soon dried up: our friends were satisfied that all was right: and the dear child never made another attempt with papa for the mastery. I dwell on this little incident with some minuteness, because it was pregnant with important results. It was a contest for governing principles; it decided at once that the will of the child must submit to that of the parent; and that it is in vain to expect happiness in the way of resistance to proper authority. It is true the child did not *reason* in this way; but she well understood the *practical lesson*; and she never after brought *her* will to the hazard of a contest with that of her *papa*. Parents little think to what extent they multiply difficulties in the way of educating their children, when they yield to the first attempts to gain the ascendancy. Under the notion that a more favourable opportunity may occur of bringing the affair to an issue, they give

way for the present : but, in so doing, they have tenfold augmented their labour, for the business can never afterwards be settled at a single contest. The child will long retain the recollection that he has at least once obtained victory, and may do it again, if he only persevere ; and thus, in a much longer time, and at a far greater expense of feeling on both sides, that is at length effected (if indeed it ever be effected—for the parent who has been weak enough to yield in the feebler contest, is not very likely to become more successful when the stronger commences) which might have been achieved without any very great difficulty at the first. Locke relates a case somewhat resembling that which I have just stated. He says that a lady of his acquaintance whipped her little daughter eight times successively before she could overcome her stubbornness, and obtain her compliance in a very easy and indifferent matter ; and he adds, “ if she had left off sooner, and stopped at the seventh whipping, she had spoiled her child for ever ; and by her unprevailing blows, only confirmed her refractoriness, very hardly afterwards to be cured.”

It happens, I think, very favourably when the first contest lies between the *father* and child. There is, generally, in that quarter a greater

strength of nerve, and, of course, more power to withstand the thousand little artifices which hurry away maternal feelings, and disqualify her for the struggle. Beside, it is better that the impression of fear should be excited towards the father than towards her. The fond endearments which naturally result from the intimate connexion between the mother and the infant, and which are so peculiarly essential to the forming of a gentle, affectionate, and domestic daughter, ought, as much as possible, to be cherished; and no such restraints as are incompatible with the perfect freedom of the child in her presence should be imposed. A prudent mother will know how to take advantage of the first tendencies of her child; and it is of importance that she should have the best opportunities of perceiving them; which she could not possess, if, from motives of fear, her child should be generally under restraint. Nor is this the principal evil which would arise from an undue awe and reverence towards the mother. It would engender a timid and servile disposition; or else, an habitual effort to conceal what is passing in the mind; and thus lead to deceit and hypocrisy, and the destruction of mutual confidence and affection. Whilst, on the other hand, if the necessarily greater distance

between the father and the child, arising either from his having no concern with the little affairs which bring the mother and child into close contact, and produce reciprocal endearments; or from the fewer opportunities of intercourse, or from the less pliancy of his nature, should occasion somewhat of excess in reverence towards him, no great harm is likely to ensue. The former will afford abundant scope for the goings forth of the heart of the child, and the latter will check any tendency to an extreme. Thus, while the one cherishes the affections, and the other curbs the will, and whilst both endeavour to approximate towards each other as nearly as circumstances will admit, till their separate influence is so united and blended as to render the limit between them imperceptible, they will form the temper of their child as remote from a timid reserve and artful duplicity on the one hand, as from stubborn self-will and ungovernable passion on the other.

It would be an agreeable task to go back to a variety of little incidents, to which the early part of our beloved child's life gave rise, and consistently with my intention of offering an Affectionate Tribute to the memory of a Daughter so dear, I

might perhaps be permitted to indulge these fond recollections ; but I am not aware that they would lead to any very profitable results, and therefore I think it better to forego them ; and briefly to state, that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, our endeavours to bring up our child " in the nurture and admonition of the Lord " were abundantly successful. She became all that her fond and anxious parents could wish : and her life exhibited one unbroken series of piety to her parents, affection to her brothers, and reverence of whatever is sacred. From her infancy, she possessed an uncommon share of vivacity, quickness of parts, and sweetness of disposition. She was always open, natural, and unaffected. She delighted in the society of her friends, and invariably met them with the same countenance. Any one, who thought it worth while to have her company, might be sure of meeting her in the best humour, and ready to give up her own inclination for their accommodation and pleasure. It is difficult to conceive of a character more divested than she was of selfishness. Instead of thinking herself worthy of the homage of others, she thought less of herself than they did of her ; and so far was she from expecting that her friends should bend to her caprice and humour, that she

was ready to make no inconsiderable sacrifices to gratify them. It was, I presume, chiefly owing to this combination of disposition, with an almost inexhaustible fund for entertainment, that she became the centre of attraction to the juvenile parties in which she mixed. The pleasing of herself, except so far as she derived pleasure from seeing all around her happy (and, after all, what pleasure is so refined as this ?), formed no part of her plans. She entirely laid herself out for the gratification of her friends ; and by exerting her talents, always fertile in expedients, to promote their amusement, she never failed to keep up their good humour, and to occupy their time agreeably.

The result was the same whether she enjoyed the society of her equals or entertained a party of children. She could throw herself, with the greatest ease, into their habits and ways of amusement ; and, from the numerous resources she possessed of varying their pleasures, she kept her little friends in incessant delight. If any circumstance required her absence for a while, the effect on her company was immediately visible in their listlessness and langour ; and her return was equally marked by their hilarity and gaiety. If, as is sometimes the case, one in the party was, from either person or

manners, less attractive than the rest, she always singled out that individual as the peculiar object of her attention ; and she seldom failed to elicit something from her, which contributed to the general fund of entertainment, and to render her easy and happy in herself. These efforts were sometimes too great for her strength, and greatly oppressed her : but, whatever she suffered herself, she took care that no one, if it was possible to avoid it, should perceive her exhaustion. So far did she carry this point, that on several occasions she effectually concealed from the company, whose pleasure she was unwilling to interrupt, the most acute pain ; and when ready to sink with faintness and fatigue, she assumed an air of ease, which prevented the least suspicion that she was not in perfect health. The desire of making others happy was so powerful a stimulus, that it sustained her spirits, when otherwise she would have actually sunk. One or two instances of this it may not be improper to mention.

About two years ago she was on a visit to some of her most beloved friends at Southampton. The disease, which probably terminated her life, had already commenced its attack. Her friends could not help seeing at times, by her countenance, that

she was far from being in the health they could wish ; and they were extremely anxious on this account : but they were not aware of the extent of her malady. She afterwards told her mother, that she frequently retired into her room, as if for the purpose of dressing, writing letters, or other indifferent affairs, but with the real intention of rolling on the carpet (for if she had done so on the bed, it would have probably led to inquiries about her health) to obtain a little ease of her acute pain : and when she appeared again in the parlour, she threw herself on the sofa, for the apparent purpose of playing with a favourite little girl upon it, but with the real object of obtaining, if possible, some mitigation of suffering.

Last Midsummer twelvemonth we made an excursion into Lincolnshire. At the solicitation of our friends we consented to leave our dear daughter behind us for a few weeks. Various parties of pleasure were formed on her account ; and among them, it was proposed to pay a visit to Crowland Abbey, at the distance of about fifteen miles. A large party was originally formed for this purpose, though various circumstances ultimately prevented several from joining it, and much preparation was made for the occasion. She was highly delighted

with the plan, and wrote us a most humorous account of the intended procession. The day was fixed, and every thing was arranged; but in the mean time, she was seized with the complaint to which that part of Lincolnshire is incident, and on the appointed day she was exceedingly unwell. But the party had been formed entirely on her account, and she knew the disappointment would be great, if she were wanting on the occasion. She had therefore not only to shake off her disease, but to assume an air of health and vivacity, which should leave no suspicion that all was not well; and, as she afterwards told her mother, she forced herself from her bed, when continuing upon it was the only comfort she was capable of enjoying; mixed with her friends in the excursion, and was enabled, though at a most hazardous risk to herself, and a sad waste of strength and spirits, to get through the day, without the company being aware how dearly she paid for the good humour and hilarity which were kept up on the occasion.

She carried, indeed, the principle of surrendering her own comforts to those of others so far, that we at length ascertained, when she was more than usually vivacious, she was labouring under some acute pain or uneasiness; for her efforts to

conceal it became excessive, and somewhat unnatural. I have learned that when she had been lying on the sofa under any indisposition, the moment she heard my foot proceeding across the hall, she would start up, assume an air of the greatest cheerfulness, and meet me, as she did at all times, with a smile of affection.

Though we have lately, alas! had occasion to know that disease had, for a considerable time, been making sad inroads upon her constitution, we could not ascertain this at any given point of time. We never saw her otherwise than cheerful; and scarcely ever (I had almost said *never*, for I really do not recollect an instance of it) heard her heave a sigh. It was however too perceptible to us, by her loss of appetite and substance, that she could not be well; and we extorted from her that she had pains in her chest, in her side, and at the lower part of the spine; and from time to time we consulted our medical friends; but neither they nor we apprehended any thing of a serious nature, till the disease came on with such violence as to baffle all attempts to arrest its course or subdue its virulence.

This part of my narrative is so strongly confirmed by a letter, which my dear wife has re-

ceived since the publication of the first edition of this little work, from the affectionate friend of my beloved daughter, with whom she was visiting at Southampton, as I have just mentioned, and than whom no one was better acquainted with the interior of my dear child, that I cannot forbear quoting a portion of that letter in this place, as I shall find occasion again to do in other parts of my memoir. Nor need I make an apology for inserting a few of her introductory remarks.

“There is scarcely an incident (writes Miss Tyler) related by Mr. Jerram of the character of my beloved friend, to which my memory does not supply some illustration; and if the recital of a few particulars be not too painful to you, I trust you will allow me the pleasure of indulging my feelings in this respect. If I mention nothing that a mother would not wish to hear respecting a beloved daughter, I entreat you to believe that it does not arise from the fear of hurting a mother's feelings, but from the fact, that I cannot recollect one thing in Hannah Jerram that, had I been her nearest relation, I could have wished to be otherwise.

My heart bleeds at the thought of what were her sufferings when she was at Southampton; but

of which we were, at the time, in a great degree ignorant : and the idea that I often persuaded her to walk, when it was probably very painful for her to do so, is now a subject of unavailing regret. I believe she had, for some time before it was seriously noticed by any of her friends, been the subject of much indisposition ; and I have both at Chobham and Southampton remarked indications of delicate health ; but when I spoke to her on the subject, she made so light of it, and rallied me on my grave looks, and assumed such an air of cheerful vivacity, with mirth sparkling in her eyes, that I could not help concluding my fears were groundless, and that I had mistaken the fact."

In recording this peculiar trait of my dear daughter's character, I ought to state, that I do not relate it for the imitation of others ; nor because I think she did not carry the point of disregarding her own comfort to promote that of others to far too great an extent. On the contrary, I have now most deeply to deplore that she so completely kept us in ignorance of the true state of her health. Had she from time to time confidentially communicated to her mother what she felt in the incipient state of her disease, we had not now, humanly speaking, been yearning,

in the bitterness of incurable sorrow, the loss of one of the most amiable and excellent of daughters. Alas! she gave us no intimation of the facts I have been recording, till lying on the bed of death; and we began to seek a remedy for the calamity when its ravages were complete and the cure impossible!

As her disposition was cheerful and vivacious, so had she an acute perception of wit and humour. Every thing of this nature, provided it were chaste and free from impiety, afforded her a high gratification; and perhaps she sometimes indulged to an excess in this kind of pleasure. Her own playfulness of mind led her, at times, to make remarks on events and characters, which some of her more serious friends thought approached to levity. This, however, I have entirely from hearsay. In my own presence, her chastised feelings of respect never suffered her to go beyond the bounds of the strictest propriety. I was always delighted with her shrewd observations on characters, and her good-natured wit on passing events. But it is not at all unlikely that this tendency, when unfettered by the respect which she felt for her parents, and when she was enjoying the full freedom of social intercourse with her friends, might lead her

occasionally into an extreme. But as she was, in a great measure, the life of the juvenile parties in which she mixed, and never lost a friend, it is fair to conclude that her wit was divested of bitterness, and her humour of unkindness.

Her talents were certainly of the higher order ; but they were entirely female. She possessed a quick and retentive memory, so that whatever she read became her own. She entered with facility into the meaning of an author, and had compass of mind to take in the whole of his plan. Her reading was somewhat extensive and varied. The Greek and Latin Classics, through translations, were familiar to her. She had a general and correct knowledge of history, especially of ancient Greece and Rome, and of her own country. During the last winter, among various other books, she read through the ten volumes of Mitford's History of Greece ; and she had lately taken particular pains to refresh her memory with the principal facts of general history, for the purpose of early impressing them on the mind of her youngest brother, whom she had hitherto had almost entirely under her own management. I say nothing of her attainments in the common ornamental accomplishments of well-educated females, because

they were such as might be expected; and are, I presume, common, in persons of her station, and with her means of instruction. She was not, however, a proficient in music, though she enjoyed the benefit of the best teachers. Neither her taste nor her ear led her to take much delight in this science, though her performances were far from being so inferior as her modesty induced her to suppose. She read and spoke French with ease, and was acquainted with several valuable authors in that language. In drawing and needle-work she has left us many pleasing specimens of her skill; and we can scarcely fix our eyes upon any spot in our house, in which we do not see affecting proofs of her taste. In botany she had made some considerable progress, and was intending to pursue the study, this spring and summer, with greater attention than she had hitherto done. She had read several popular treatises on natural philosophy and chemistry; and was well acquainted with most of the easier results and experiments of both. When a child, she had learned the Latin grammar, and it was my original intention to give her a classical education; but finding many inconveniences likely to arise from keeping her at home, with my scholastic engagements, she was

sent very early to school: and, of course, the plan of teaching her Latin and Greek was given up.

During the last winter, however, she expressed a wish to resume the study of the Classics; more, I conceive, from a desire of relieving me from the labour of giving elementary knowledge to her youngest brother, than of becoming a proficient in the languages of Greece and Rome, with the principal authors of which, through translations, I have already observed, she was acquainted. We accordingly commenced with the Latin grammar; and in a few months, she read several lives of Nepos, and a considerable portion of Ovid and Virgil. The facility and correctness with which she wrote Latin exercises, the readiness with which she applied the rules of syntax, and the dexterity with which she worked her way through the complicated construction of the Latin language greatly surprised me, and were such as I had never before witnessed in a long course of educating youth. It will scarcely seem credible that, during the last winter months, up to the end of March, besides perusing many volumes of entertaining authors, drawing several nicely finished pieces, working a tedious veil, carefully reading the ten volumes of

Mitford's Greece, superintending the education of her youngest brother, and almost daily visiting the cottages of the distant poor of this parish, she made this proficiency also in the Latin language ; and that, with no other assistance from me than a lesson in the evening, when the greater part of the family had retired to rest.

In speaking of the course of her reading, I ought not, perhaps, to omit that, had her principles allowed it, she would probably have indulged to an excess in those popular works, which have recently engaged the almost exclusive attention of the young. And I mention this, not only that I may give a fair account of my beloved daughter's tendencies ; but especially that I may record her conviction that she had devoted too much of her time to this unprofitable course of reading. It occasioned her great uneasiness, as we shall hereafter see, in reviewing the past, to reflect that so much of her time had been wasted in books of this nature ; and had it pleased our heavenly Father to protract her short span of existence, I am persuaded that they would have engaged a very minute, if any, portion of her future reading.

Different opinions, I am aware, are entertained by religious persons, as to what extent books of

this nature are proper for the young. Some would limit them within a very narrow compass; and others would exclude them altogether. That many publications have recently issued from the press which are altogether unfit for the perusal of any one who has the least regard either to morality or decency cannot be denied: and every parent who would not be accessory to the pollution of his child's mind, and the extirpation of every principle of duty to God and man, will most anxiously guard against his coming in contact with such pestilential authors. No beauty of composition, nor richness of imagery, nor sublimity of description, can compensate for the violation of modesty, morality, and religion: and those pleasures of imagination which expose to hazard the social affections, domestic peace, and the Divine favour, are indulged at an awful risk. To wade through a mass of filth, and to inhale at every breath pestilential vapour, for some ideal gratification, is too degrading a toil for a reasonable being; and one cannot help deploring that any persons, professing a regard for piety and good morals, should subject themselves to so much humiliation, as to suffer their minds to be contaminated with disgusting images, and daring blasphemy, for the purpose of culling, from a

mass of abominations, a few extraordinary specimens of genius and talent. Nor is their personal risk the only thing to be deprecated. They have given a direct countenance to the authors of this moral pestilence, by putting their works in circulation; and have stimulated multitudes to expose themselves to the same hazard, by extolling the beauties of insulated passages, and the splendid ornaments with which they are embellished. It is true they have censured, with just severity, the licentiousness and blasphemy with which these writers abound; but it does not require any deep penetration into human nature to know, that the very reprobation of certain vices provokes curiosity to ascertain in what they consist; and it may be justly questioned, whether the beauties they have extolled, or the faults they have censured, have operated as the stronger stimulus to get possession of these works.

There are other modern publications equally popular with those to which I have just alluded, and which are far from being correct either in religion or morals, but which it would be unjust to treat with the same unqualified censure. It cannot be said that they have a manifest tendency to deteriorate mankind. Their authors would disdain

to pander to the licentious appetite, or to attack the social virtues, or to undermine the religious principle. But yet their chief praise is negative. They do nothing to advance man in the scale of moral excellence, or to bring him nearer to the source of all perfection. Taking as their standard of character those whom the world applauds, they adapt both their religion and morals to the prevalent taste; and whatever rises above, or falls below, this level, they equally expose to ridicule or reprobation. Hence, the individual whose breast glows with the purest love to God, and who is most zealous to promote the honour of the Saviour of man, is in as much danger of being held up by these writers to the scorn of the world, as he is of falling under their censure who casts off the fear of God, and "tramples under foot the blood of Christ." It is obvious, that authors like these, when their talents are popular, must operate most powerfully against any advancement in moral and religious excellence; nor can it be safe to permit their works to fall within the reach of the domestic circle. Youth need every inducement to engage them heartily in the cause of religion; to rise above the level of ordinary profession; and to quicken their zeal in the

service of their "Lord and Master;" and nothing can be a greater hindrance to their advancement in the divine life, than the sarcasms and ridicule of authors who are held in general repute, and are in almost every one's hands.

The writings of these persons are not directed to any particular age or class, but are intended generally for the whole reading community. There are, however, numerous other modern authors, who, like them, have entered the field of poetry and fiction, but with an especial reference to the rising generation: and it is thankfully acknowledged that their object is, perhaps universally, to promote their best interests, by smoothing the rugged path of education, and endeavouring to give a right cast to the youthful character; and if good intentions could always ensure the best results, they would be entitled to unqualified commendation.

But we must look at *principles*, and follow them through all their operations and consequences; and if these should be pernicious, no uprightness of design ought to prevent our exposing the danger; and of this tendency, I conceive, are some of the publications just adverted to. They profess to form the character of the young entirely by prudent discipline and moral motives, without calling

in the least aid from what is peculiar to the Christian system. They have exhibited great talent in setting forth the deformity and ultimate misery of vice, and the beauty and consequent happiness of an opposite course. They have shown, with great effect, that nothing is so degrading as the predominance of the selfish principle, and nothing so becoming as an open, benevolent, and generous disposition. The most striking instances are given of the advantages resulting from an inflexible course of integrity, whilst the artful and designing never fail to meet eventually with the contempt and infamy they deserve. The pleasures of a mind at ease with itself are set forth with peculiar effect, and the corroding remorse of the vicious is painted in strong, but not overcharged colours. The various sources of enjoyment from domestic and social intercourse, rational amusements, the works of nature, the cultivation of the fine arts; from botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and every branch of science, are laid open with every attraction which these copious subjects admit; and the whole is embellished with all the simple and elegant ornaments of which language is capable.

The character formed on this model is exhibited as at once beautiful and perfect. He fills his

station in life, whether as parent or child, relation or friend, the man of business, or holding an honourable profession, the statesman or the soldier, with the most scrupulous and efficient exactness; and all this is accomplished without adopting a single peculiarity of the Gospel, or feeling the influence of a single Christian motive.

As far as this system is concerned, Christianity may be readily dispensed with. The character would have been just what it is if the Bible had never been written, and Jesus Christ had never come into the world. Not a word is said of man as a fallen being, wretched, ruined, and helpless; no mention is made of Him who has "redeemed us to God by his own blood;" nor of Him who is the Enlightener, Comforter, and Sanctifier of his church. The spiritual standard of the decalogue is never pointed to as the rule of life, nor the "blood of the cross" as the only atonement for the violation of its laws. No motives to conduct are derived from the "love of God in Christ," nor would this blessed name be tolerated, as affording an incitement to exercise either charity towards the distressed, or forgiveness of injuries, or zeal in the prosecution of any cause of philanthropy.

Writers of this description never urge the duty

of benevolence by the Apostle's argument—"for ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich; nor reconciliation with our enemies, from the consideration that "God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us;" nor diligence in God's service, from the fact, that we "are no longer our own, but are bought with a price, and ought therefore to glorify God with our bodies and our spirits, which are his."

It seems to form no part of the system of these authors, that the conscience may be burdened with sin; and that there is no obtaining relief, but by "washing in the fountain which was opened for sin and uncleanness;" or that the way-worn traveller needs at one time the refreshing brook, at another "the shadow of a great rock," and at all times, a guide, and protector, and friend. No provision is here made for the season of affliction, the hour of death, and the day of judgment; and not a word is said to satisfy and cheer the anxious mind, when a vast eternity, with all its possibilities, is thrown open before it. And yet these writers consider themselves competent to furnish us with all that is requisite to form a perfect character! They present us with systems of education! They under-

take to form the mind, and direct the steps of our children, without ever reminding them of Him who "took them up in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them;" and have discovered, it should seem, a more efficient method of modelling man than that which God himself has revealed from heaven! And, what is more surprising still, parents, who have the highest veneration for the Christian religion, admit these publications into their nurseries; they put them into the hands of their children at the different stages of life, as their understandings and capacities are enlarged, and expect them to learn some of their best lessons, as well as to derive their chief entertainment from them.

I admit, indeed, that these Christian parents do not make these books the standard of their own principles, nor intend them to become the sole guide of their children; on the contrary, they teach them Christian doctrines, and inculcate Christian morals, and enforce them by Christian motives; and receive these works merely as subsidiary aids, anxious to obtain assistance from any quarter, to train up their children in a proper manner. I admit also, that it is not only allowable, but also necessary, in the present state of

things, to have recourse, in our instruction of youth, to many things which, with some good, are mixed up with much that is of a contrary nature.

No one can reflect on the character of many of the Greek and Latin Classics, which are put into the hands of our youth, or the channel through which most of the histories of our own country and of other nations are derived, without painful feelings ; yet there is this difference in the works alluded to. In the latter, we seek the knowledge of languages and of facts. Our studies, in this line, are intended to strengthen, and enlarge, and discipline the mind ; to call forth its powers, to regulate its taste, to form our style, to provide materials for thought and reason ; and the Classics are read under the impression that they are the works of men who never enjoyed the benefit of revelation, and are therefore not intended either to be the models of our practice, or to teach us our duty. But in the former, the object is altogether different. It is their professed intention to form the mind ; to furnish it with principles ; to supply the proper motives ; and to make the perfect character ; and this with all the advantages of having before them a revelation from heaven. They oc-

cupy then the station, not of Heathen, but of Christian instructors; and if no portion of what is peculiar to Christianity finds its way into their lessons, it must arise from their not considering any part of it as essential to their undertaking; and the only possible conclusion is, that in their esteem, the whole Christian system is, if not an absolute incumbrance, yet certainly a redundancy, inasmuch as that every thing important may be accomplished without it. It surely is not necessary to add, that a scheme like this not only leads to infidelity, but is a direct affront to the Christian religion. It impiously excludes Him from having a place in the system, of which he ought to be the sun; and forbids us to see Him *any* where, whom we ought to see *every* where: "Him first; Him last; Him midst, and without end."

It is with pleasure I turn from writers of this description to others, who, professing to have the same object in view, and to communicate their instructions by a similar method, take a correct estimate of the subject before them, and aim at its accomplishment by more suitable means. Taking man, as he really is, degraded, miserable, and ruined; and yet, through the boundless mercy of

God, within reach of inconceivable felicity and glory, they commence their work on a right foundation, and never lose sight of his high destiny. They assume the fact of his corruption; and direct his attention to the means of renovation. Aware that man's unassisted efforts would end in disappointment, he is taught to seek the aid of the great Restorer, and rests his hopes on his all-sufficient help. It is a main point with them, to bring even "little children to Christ, that he may bless them;" well knowing, that if they can enlist them early under the banner of the cross, they will, in all probability, "continue his faithful followers and soldiers unto their life's end." They dwell largely on the value of the soul, the danger of losing it, and the constant diligence necessary to secure its welfare. They urge the necessity of a religion which engages the affections, on the ground that a father can be satisfied with nothing less than the heart; and that no homage of the tongue, or prostration of the body, can impose upon Him, whose eye penetrates the secrets of the breast, and before whom "all things are naked and open." This, and this only, they know will operate as forcibly in solitude and darkness, as in the clear and open face of day; and when tempted to the commission

of secret sin, will induce them to ask, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Whilst they avail themselves of every proper motive to excite holy tempers and virtuous conduct, they place their chief dependence on those which are drawn from the cross: and by exhibiting the character of the blessed Redeemer in all its kindness, condescension, and mercy, they attach the heart to him, and render him the supreme object of their affections.

In this system every thing is placed and retained in its proper situation; Christ is made the centre of it; and he attracts, and enlightens, and beautifies, and animates, and fructifies every part of it. There is nothing removed from its influence, and every thing acknowledges Him, as "Head over all, and blessed for ever." In this way characters are formed which confer blessings on men, and bring glory to God. Let their numbers be increased, and "the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." They are "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world;" and bring down upon it the blessing of heaven.

This system of education, I am happy to observe, has been advocated and supported by num-

bers of individuals of both sexes, and of the first order of talents; and it affords me a sincere pleasure to have an opportunity of offering my tribute of respect to those numerous females, who have brought their excellent abilities to bear on the best interests of the rising generation.

It is impossible to mention the names of More, and Trimmer, and Sherwood, and Taylor, and several others, without associating with them a wide diffusion of Christian principles, a large increase of domestic happiness, and much of that active zeal which has been recently displayed, and especially by females, in support of the great institutions which are spreading throughout the world the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour. They have smoothed the rugged course of education by their appropriate and lucid elementary books. They have furnished us with the best materials, embellished with all the ornaments and attractions which the subjects will admit, for storing the memory, and forming the character of our youth; and they have illustrated their precepts by such a variety of interesting examples, that they can scarcely fail to make an indelible impression wherever they are read. It is not easy to conceive any thing more sound in doctrine, more pure in

morals, more rich in variety, more perfect in execution, or more beautiful and elegant in form, than the library with which their united efforts have supplied the younger branches of our families : and I am persuaded that at this moment thousands of parents and children are reaping an abundant harvest from their labours.

After bestowing this justly merited praise, it may appear somewhat ungracious to say any thing which may seem to detract from the value of their performances : and yet I have my doubts whether some inconvenience may not arise, both from the continually increasing number of these publications, and the style and nature of their composition. Scarcely a month passes without some addition being made to the already abundant stock ; and it is easy to perceive that invention is somewhat tortured to find any thing in the shape of novelty. The result is what might be naturally expected. Many of the recent performances are considerably inferior to those which first appeared ; the reader feels a diminished interest in what is put into his hands ; and there is some danger of the most valuable of these publications thus falling into discredit.

But it is from the nature and style of these

compositions that I anticipate the principal mischief. For the sake of illustrating principles, and giving the weight of facts to lessons on virtue and vice, imaginary characters are introduced with great effect; and no doubt make a more lasting impression on the mind and memory than abstract rules and dry lectures upon morals. But there is some danger even in this. Imaginary characters seldom bear an exact resemblance to real life. They are generally highly wrought, and wound up to a pitch of excellence or depravity which have rarely any counterpart in fact. Hence, real occurrences make a feebler impression than they would have done, from their falling short of what we had previously read in books; ordinary virtue passes as of little worth; and common suffering produces scarcely any sympathy. The feelings having been frequently and powerfully excited, require a continually increasing stimulus to keep up their tone; and from the difficulty of obtaining this, the mind at length sinks into listless apathy, from which the customary events of life are incapable of arousing it. A habit also is acquired of overstating facts, in order to excite interest. Perceiving that what appeared important to ourselves excites but little attention in others, we are tempted

to set things out with a false colouring, and give them an appearance, with which the facts themselves have scarcely any correspondence. Every person who pays a scrupulous regard to truth, has often been exceedingly distressed at hearing statements which he is sure are any thing but correct; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this inattention to strict veracity may be owing, at least in part, to the circumstance on which I am animadverting.

There is also so close an affinity between works of this nature, and the common class of novels, that there is some danger of gliding imperceptibly from one to the other; and thus acquiring a taste for those pernicious publications which have poisoned the minds, and corrupted the hearts of so many of our youths.

It will not have escaped the notice of many of my readers, that among many professing Christians a sort of sentimentalism has usurped the place of experimental religion. The sober views and feelings which the facts of our case, and the nature of the gospel, might be supposed to occasion, are superseded by sensations of a more exquisite and inexplicable nature, and by undefined and romantic notions of imaginary excellence and enjoyments.

May not this evil also have some connexion with the writings which we are now considering ?

On no subject is it more dangerous to let loose the imagination than on religion. Every thing connected with spiritual subjects and the future state is matter of pure revelation ; and we cannot advance a step with safety without her guide. Now it seldom happens that she leads us beyond the statement of certain truths, which are necessary for our instruction, or warning, or comfort ; and on which, from the very nature of things, there must rest some degree of obscurity. Our inquisitive minds are not easily reconciled to this limited information and uncertainty. We wish to pry more minutely into things, and send imagination into the illimitable field of possibilities, from which it brings back innumerable crude and extravagant notions. It is the business of a sound and chastised judgment to repress these vain excursions, and this pernicious curiosity ; and strictly to confine the thoughts to the prescribed limits of revelation ; and it is with almost inconceivable difficulty that this control is effectually exercised. Hence, whatever adds a stimulus to imagination, in matters of religion, does, in fact, counteract the salutary efforts of reason and a sound mind to repress it ;

and tends to convert the religion of the gospel into the wild reveries of fanaticism. May not then the publications in question have a tendency to foster the imaginative faculty, and to induce a train of evils arising from the predominance of fancy over reason and revelation ?

But these reflections have led me into a length of discussion which I did not anticipate ; and it is more than time that I return to the immediate subject of this memoir.

I was drawn into these remarks, by stating that my beloved daughter was inclined to indulge in reading the productions of some of the modern school of poetry and fiction beyond the limit which she afterwards thought to be safe : but I should do her memory great injustice, if I were to omit stating that her principal reading was of a religious character. She had studied various treatises on the evidences of religion ; and had read several histories of the Christian church. The works of some of our ablest divines were familiar to her ; and she had made herself acquainted with some of the common subjects of controversy between Christians of different denominations.

Sacred biography was a topic of peculiar interest,

and she read with avidity whatever of this kind fell in her way. But her constant companion was the Holy Scriptures. A considerable part of it was committed to memory; and she could repeat by heart a great part of the Psalms. The marks she has placed against different passages of this blessed book plainly indicate that her daily perusal of it was not of mere form. Not only did she notice those parts, which are most beautiful for their poetry, and most sublime in description, but more especially such as relate to fundamental doctrines, important duties, and encouraging promises.

Whatever set forth the value of the soul, the nature of salvation, the evil of sin, the necessity of holiness, the promise of pardon, and the work of the Holy Spirit, invariably arrested her attention, and received her mark for future meditation: and very few persons, I believe, had a memory better stored with the most beautiful and interesting passages of Holy Writ.

The book which she seemed to prize next to the Bible was Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." This, like her Bible, exhibits numerous marks of her minute attention to its directions. Those passages, especially, which enforce a close self-examination as to the effects of

religion on the affections, temper, and predominant habits of life, were constantly before her ; and were noted, as requiring the most serious consideration. The effect of this diligence was visible in her whole deportment. Her naturally somewhat hasty and susceptible mind was, at length, so effectually subdued that she was seldom off her guard or hurried into any inadvertent expression. When this was the case, she soon recovered herself, and was deeply grieved at her infirmity. Children, it is well known, are often careless in learning their lessons, and are with difficulty brought to pay attention to their teachers, particularly where paternal authority is not immediately at hand to enforce obedience. Formerly she had shown considerable uneasiness with her youngest brother on these accounts ; but so completely had she gained the ascendancy over this irritability of temper, that during the last twelve months she never once betrayed any thing like impatience ; but met every discouragement with calmness and composure.

Those passages also, in this her favourite devotional author, which relate to the uncertainty of life, the suddenness of death, and the importance of being in constant readiness to meet the " King of terrors," were rendered prominent by double strokes

of her pencil. I believe, indeed, that few days passed without serious thoughts on these most important subjects, for they were ever uppermost in her mind. She always had a peculiar dread of death; and she one day said to her mother, after telling her of the confident hopes of a blessed immortality, which one of her most valued female friends had just expressed, "I think I shall all my life long be in bondage through fear of death." Whenever she heard of the happy departure of an eminent Christian, she seemed almost to envy his victory over death; and expressed her fears that this would never be her privilege.

Besides this invaluable treatise of Dr. Doddridge, there were many other books of a devotional kind, which she took delight in reading. She had a large assortment of psalms and hymns, composed or selected by various authors; and many of the most beautiful in poetry, and excellent in Christian sentiment, she had committed to memory. Here also, as well as in the books just referred to, are found indications of the predominant feelings and state of her mind. Such hymns as set forth the corruption of the human heart, the dreadful nature of sin, the necessity of holiness, the forgiveness of sin, and the influences of the Holy Spirit, were those

on which she evidently dwelt with the most interest, as they received the mark of her pencil.

If we had no other proofs of the pious turn of our beloved daughter's mind than those already recorded ; yet these, taken in connexion with our intimate acquaintance with her Christian habits and tempers, her conscientious discharge of religious duties, her reverence of sacred things, her delight in the society of eminent Christians, and her active endeavours to do good among the poor, would afford great consolation as to her present happy state : but it ought to excite more thankfulness than, at present, I fear we are capable of manifesting, that we have much additional evidence of her being a truly Christian character.

I know not that, at a very early age, she gave more than ordinary indications of a mind affected by religious truths. She was, as I have observed, vivacious, fond of play, and delighted with the society of her young friends : at the same time, she was remarkable for her filial affection, and readiness to make almost any sacrifice to render those around her happy. Every opportunity had been taken to instil the principles of Christian piety into her infant mind : and the first appearance of what was wrong was carefully watched and

corrected. On this subject, it is only allowed me to say—what I should hope is common with all Christian parents—that a consistent vigilance was exercised over indications of character : serious things, at suitable times, were affectionately urged ; the memory was stored with the most important elementary knowledge ; truth was most inviolably attended to ; a due observation of the Sabbath was strictly enforced, though rendered as cheerful as the nature of religious duties would admit ; and parental authority, though exercised with as light a hand as was practicable, was uniformly maintained. These means of forming the infant character of our beloved daughter were, at times, watered with our tears, and constantly seconded by our earnest prayers for a divine blessing. And I wish here to record my firm persuasion, founded not only on the connexion between cause and effect, and the declarations contained in the Scriptures, but on a considerable experience in educating youth, and a long attention to what is passing in the religious world, that the future life and character of most persons may be traced to the manner of their being brought up. I say *most persons*, for I am aware that this rule, like all others, admits of exceptions : but I have scarcely ever had an intimate acquaintance

with the interior of a family without being able, pretty correctly, to divine in what manner the young inmates of it would turn out.

The temper and conduct of parents, their exercise or neglect of an affectionate but steady authority,—an authority which was never for a moment allowed to be slighted or disputed—their vigilant observance or disregard of symptoms of character; as they gradually showed themselves, the assiduous attention of mothers to all the little cares and wants of their infants, or their surrendering them chiefly to the superintendence of others: their solemn but affectionate instructions, accompanied at times with tears, or their slight inculcation of moral duties, and apparent indifference to the manner in which they are received: these, and similar things, will give an indelible stamp of character, and lay the foundation of future happiness or misery.

No ground pays better for cultivation than that of the infant mind, both as it respects the quality and quantity of fruit; and it as seldom occurs in the moral as in the natural world, that the reasonable expectations of a harvest are disappointed, where proper means have been employed to secure it. In a few cases it has happened that the soil has been

duly prepared, the best seed has been sown, and the weeds have been carefully cleared away ; and yet the labour of the husbandman has been frustrated. The refreshing rains did not fall or the invigorating rays of the sun were not shed ; or a mildew, or blight, withered the fruit ; but this is the exception, not the customary order of things : the covenant still holds good, that “ there shall be summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, while the earth remaineth.” No man, however, expects to reap the fruits of the earth, who has neglected the proper seed-time ; much less does he hope to “ gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.” Yet such absurd expectations are not unfrequently formed in the neglect of all moral culture. The ground lies fallow : the most pernicious seeds are under its surface ; seed-time is utterly disregarded ; or if a handful of corn be now and then scattered, no prayers bring down the dews of heaven to moisten, nor the beams of the Sun of Righteousness to quicken the little and defective seed that is sown. The weeds are suffered to luxuriate and choke the early blade ; and yet—bitter disappointment is felt that no crop grows ! and no harvest is reaped ! I have often thought that if the same good sense were shown in the cultivation of the infant mind as the husband-

man discovers in the management of his farm, it would be as rare an event to see a total failure in the former as in the latter. God "honours those who honour him;"—and every where it will be seen, that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

At an early age my daughter was placed in a respectable ladies' school at Brighton: but so strong were her attachments to home, that I believe she was far from being happy in the new circumstances in which she found herself. Her agitation, I have since learned, on receiving the first letter from me, was so great, that she held it for some time in her hand in a state of stupor, and then burst into a flood of tears. The first unfavourable impressions of school were never afterwards completely worn away; and though her excellent governess showed her much kindness, I found the return to Brighton, after every vacation, was so painful that I removed her at length to Kensington Square, a much shorter distance from home; and on that, as well as some other accounts, more accordant with our mutual wishes.

Change of situation, increase of years, and greater firmness of mind, rendered her future continuance at school far less disagreeable than it had been be-

fore ; but still, her affections were so entirely domestic, that I believe she always considered her absence from home as a necessary evil, which it was her duty to bear with as much fortitude and composure as she could acquire. Had it been as much a matter of choice as it was of necessity, I believe that these separations, so painful to both parties, would never have taken place : but my own scholastic engagements utterly precluded her being kept at home. And it is in this way, I presume, that the general question, as to the expediency of sending daughters from home, to receive their education, usually resolves itself. It is not so much an affair of comparative advantages and disadvantages, as it is of imperious circumstances ; and against these it is in vain to contend.

It was to the pious and affectionate, but firm and prudent, management of her excellent governess that I attribute, under God, much of the character for which she was afterwards distinguished. Early impressions of the best nature had undoubtedly been previously made, and the good seed had taken some root ; but as yet nothing decisive of character had taken place. The mind was flexible, evil tendencies were strong, and pious habits were yet unformed. Much depended on the individual to

whom she was now to look, not only for instruction, but example, whether her previous impressions should be deepened and become permanent, or whether they should be entirely effaced : whether the seed should produce fruit, or be choked with weeds ; and happy was it both for our beloved daughter and ourselves, that we had not mistaken the character to whom we had intrusted her education.

The instructions of her early infancy were ably seconded ; and an example, as amiable as it was correct, and as prudent as it was Christian, was constantly before her. The result was such as might be anticipated : the suitable means had been employed, in hope of God's blessing upon them, and that blessing was abundantly bestowed. Our dear daughter was at length restored to the bosom of her family, to our mutual joy, not only with a mind well stored with the most useful and ornamental elementary knowledge, which was a matter of great importance ; but, what was paramount to every thing else, with a heart duly affected towards God and religious truth, prepared to advance to higher attainments in the divine life, and ready to take an active part in promoting whatever might bring glory to God or good to man.

It affords me a high gratification to add, that a mutual esteem and affection ever afterwards subsisted between my beloved daughter and Mrs. Bowden (for this was the name which her governess, Miss Hance, afterwards acquired by marriage), and a correspondence was kept up between them to the last; nor was it a little affecting to us that, after more than a year's interruption to their letters, one from Mrs. Bowden, written, it should seem, about the time when the spirit of my dear daughter was quitting its earthly tenement, arrived at Chobham when she lay a corpse in her chamber.

Her mother and myself had that morning been talking over the events of her life, and endeavouring to fix on the particular periods of it when her mind seemed to have received its strongest impressions of religious truth, and the most decided bias to a Christian course; and we dwelt with peculiar thankfulness on that portion of her time which she had spent with this lady. At the reception of this letter I need not say that the fountain of our tears was again opened. We said to each other, O, how delighted would our dear Hannah have been, had she been permitted to receive this renewed token of the affectionate remembrance of one whom she

never thought of but with the kindest recollections, and never mentioned but with the greatest respect. In one part of this interesting letter, Mrs. Bowden observes, "Our knowledge of each other is a link in Providence connected with so many others, that a very long chain will appear in eternity to have depended on what, at the moment, was considered in the common course of our movements."

This beautiful sentiment was true to an extent of which the amiable writer had no idea at the time of expressing it; for the seal of eternity was about to be fixed on an immortal being, whose destiny, humanly speaking, she had a principal hand in fixing. O, what a fact for the consideration of all who are entrusted with the education of youth!

I could not avoid thus associating with this tribute of parental affection to my beloved daughter, the name of a friend who was so justly dear to her, and who had so intimate a concern in every thing which related to her present and future well-being.

Having brought my own scholastic engagements nearly to a close, I may, I trust without impropriety, say a word on the importance of character and conduct in those who have the care of youth.

A considerable portion of knowledge is, of course, indispensable; and an exterior deportment corresponding with the manners of the times is not without its value. But there are many qualities requisite for the discharge of this important office of a higher order than these; and which are neither always possessed by those who excel in the former, nor looked for by those who are in search of a suitable instructor and guardian for their children. One of these qualities is a quick perception of character; a penetration that discovers at a glance the motives of action; a mind that connects the apparently trivial and generally unheeded incidents of the day with governing principles, and ascertains the moral health or malady of the pupil by certain minute but prevailing tendencies. Some characters, it is true, are so distinctly marked, that a very cursory observer cannot mistake them; but there are others of which it is hard to say what is the ruling passion, or what direction it may eventually take; and yet upon the timely discovery of this may depend the most important and permanent results. An erroneous opinion of the individual, or an improper treatment of his case, may lead to the most pernicious consequences; and it

often requires a peculiar tact, which may be more easily conceived than described, to make the correct and seasonable discovery.

Another indispensable requisite in a tutor is great firmness of mind, to enable him to adhere to prudent plans and fixed principles, without regarding apparent consequences. Few things require greater fortitude than an inflexible adherence to what had been previously determined to be proper, and yet on this perseverance the authority and respect which are essential to the proper management of a school mainly rest. The capriciousness of parents will be ever suggesting something fresh ; novelty is agreeable to the fickleness of youth ; unexpected incidents render the customary course inconvenient ; and perpetual inducements to depart from the system which the most satisfactory reasons had suggested, present themselves ; but the moment a tutor begins to waver in his purpose, mischief will ensue ; his plans will be overturned, and confusion, as well as contempt of authority, must be the result.

Nearly allied to this quality, is an impartial and even-handed treatment of all the individuals in his establishment. Temper, agreeableness of manners, station in life, talents, attainments, will each,

in its turn, put in its claim for distinction; and induce, if not carefully guarded against, a system of favouritism, than which few things can be more prejudicial to the minds of youth. Jealousy of the favoured pupil, disgust of the tutor for his weakness and injustice, and dissatisfaction with the whole system, must necessarily follow. It is impossible, indeed, to feel equal respect and affection for every one, however differing in disposition and diligence; but a prudent person will conceal, as much as possible, his preference; and if at any time it be proper to show it, he will take care to make it manifest that it is grounded on propriety, and is not the result of caprice or injustice.

The greatest prudence is necessary in communicating religious instruction. It is much easier to excite disgust in the juvenile mind against the leading truths of the Gospel than to open the heart for their reception. The natural tendencies, it should be remembered, are hostile to them, because they lay a restraint on the passions, and counteract their pursuit of pleasure. Every thing, therefore, should be cautiously avoided, which could even remotely tend to augment this prejudice. No unnecessary restrictions should be imposed: there should be no unseasonable interruption of indiffer-

ent amusements, no harsh censures on a course of conduct in others which may not perhaps be strictly correct, but the evil of which is not obvious, and which their previous bringing up has not prepared them to think improper. Care should be taken that nothing in the manners of the tutor should convey an idea of gloom or moroseness; for all that is repulsive in him will be immediately transferred to his religion. An extreme anxiety to see the fruit of our pious labours may, if not guarded against, induce a habit of continual admonition, which never fails to excite irritation and disgust in the pupil.

Some excellent tutors protract to an undue length their devotional exercises, and thus not only exhaust the attention of those who are well affected towards religion, but prevent any attention at all in those who are indifferent about it, and excite disgust in such as are ill affected towards it; whilst, on the other hand, something brief and pointed in the exposition of the Scriptures, and short and fervent in prayer, would, in all probability, deeply interest the first, gain the attention of the second, and divest the other of his prejudices.

In censuring faults, too, extreme care is neces-

sary, lest we confirm the very vices we wish to correct. The first object should be to gain the confidence of the individual on whose conduct we have occasion to animadvert; and this may oftentimes be secured, by commencing with commendation of what is really laudable in him. He thus at once perceives that his faults have not blinded us to his better qualities, and he is put into a proper temper to receive our admonition. Where unhappy prejudices are formed against the important peculiarities of the Gospel, the proper method of treating them is by mildness and conciliation; and the introduction of right sentiments, when the mind is least on its guard, and incapable of throwing itself into the attitude of defence. The best way of rooting out prejudices is to get hold of the affections; and when they are properly excited, to ply them with right principles; and I believe it may be laid down as an invariable maxim, that prejudices may be undermined, but never stormed.

I will only add, in conclusion, that in the infliction of punishment the tutor must never forget the respect which is due to himself. Corporal chastisement is seldom exercised without increasing the irritation of the tutor, as well as the resent-

ment of the pupil ; and should therefore never be resorted to but in very extraordinary emergencies. Where vices are malignant and inveterate, the course to be adopted is obvious. Be the rank or station of the individual what it may, the sacrifice must be made ; and the danger of infection precluded by the removal of the noxious character. Should it be urged against this decisive measure, that we thus cut off the unhappy youth from any chance of reformation, it may be replied, that the only hope of amendment in him is in his being placed alone, with some judicious person who will give him his undivided attention : but be this as it may, the tutor has no alternative ; the excision must be made. He has other pupils, and these must not be exposed to the danger of infection. He has no right to make experiments in the reformation of the profligate, when the consequence of failure may fall on those who were committed to his charge under the persuasion that no such dangerous experiments would ever be made.

About the time of my beloved daughter leaving Kensington-square, she was of a proper age to receive confirmation ; and as soon as an opportunity occurred, I directed her attention to the due preparation for it. Her mind was already stored

with much religious knowledge; her temper, habits, and general conduct, indicated that she was under the influence of Christian principles; and it was desirable that, by her own act, she should make a solemn surrender of herself to God, and publicly devote herself to his service. I have every reason to believe that this was to her, as I well remember it was to myself, when nearly of the same age, one of the most important events of her life. She was diligent in the use of means for a suitable preparation for it, and was much impressed with the solemnity of the ceremony; nor can I doubt that the blessing of God attended the performance of it.

It is matter of deep regret, that an ordinance of religion so apostolic and venerable in its institution, and so admirably adapted to awaken serious reflection in youth, and to fix their volatile thoughts on subjects of infinite moment, should be so generally neglected, or so carelessly performed. The utter disregard, of the great mass of professing Christians, of the obligations of the baptismal covenant is too painful a fact for a reflecting mind to dwell upon. Infants are frequently brought to the sacramental font, and there solemnly pledged to the service of God, without

the most distant intention on the part of their parents or sponsors to impart any valuable religious knowledge, or to watch over their principles and conduct, or to urge them at a responsible age to take upon themselves the obligations of the baptismal covenant, by a solemn devoting of themselves to God in the ordinance of confirmation. In the case of the truly Christian members of our church, how great is the contrast! After years of constant religious instruction, and most affectionate attempts to impress the youthful mind with all that it concerns them to know and become, they hail the season of confirmation, as affording them a fresh and most seasonable opportunity of urging upon them, with redoubled earnestness and effect, the great truths of the Gospel; and engaging them, as it were, in a sacred covenant, to cleave steadfastly to God to the end of their life.

It is to this holy ordinance that many of the most excellent of the earth have ascribed the commencement of their steady and uniform Christian course; it became a sort of starting point. They had long intended to be religious, and had fixed on various periods for setting out in earnest; but, alas! when these arrived, other

objects had taken possession of their affections, and the important concern was still postponed to a "more convenient season." But the call to a preparation for confirmation arrested their attention, fixed their volatile thoughts, excited serious reflection, put an end to procrastination, determined them to take the side of God, showed them the necessity of a renewed mind, induced them to seek for aid at a throne of grace, and finally effected that change of heart and life, which rendered them, in their day and generation, blessings to the world, and issued in their own everlasting happiness.

As soon as my beloved daughter had been confirmed, her attention was directed to the Lord's supper; and this gave occasion to increased seriousness and self-examination. Suitable instructions were given, and appropriate books put into her hands: and I have the most satisfactory evidence, that this ordinance was exceedingly blessed to her religious improvement. I cannot easily forget the emotion I felt when I first presented my beloved child with the sacred elements; nor the tears which flowed down her cheeks when she received into her trembling hand the memorials of the Saviour's

dying love. I know she felt that her "sins were grievous, and the burthen of them intolerable;" I know she had no other hope that they would be pardoned, but through "the blood of the cross;" and I have not the least doubt that it was her most earnest prayer, as it was mine, that she might be "one with Christ, and Christ with her;" and that she might be strengthened and enabled to run the Christian course. And I may here observe, that at no future time did I administer the sacrament to her, without observing in her the greatest seriousness and solemnity; and had she not told me with the deepest grief, in her last illness, that she had once or twice attended this holy institution without due preparation, I should have concluded that no individual had approached the table at all times with deeper contrition for sin, nor with more earnest desires for an increase of grace, nor with a more fixed determination to seek after holiness, than herself. I never remember seeing her at the Lord's table without manifest emotion of mind, and seldom without tears. So great was her humility, and such the overwhelming sense she felt of her utter unworthiness to partake of "those holy mysteries" and exalted privileges, that I

believe the sentiment of awe usually predominated on these occasions ; but she would not be the less acceptable to the compassionate Saviour, because she felt herself "unworthy even to gather up the crumbs which fall under his table," and because she "looked upon him whom she had pierced, and mourned because of him." If "to this man God looks, who is of a humble and contrite heart, and that trembles at his word," then was my dear daughter always an acceptable guest at that holy table, and departed from it in possession of the sacramental blessing.

And here I cannot help remarking how admirably the institutions of our church are adapted to keep up in succession the proper Christian feeling, and to promote our "growth in grace, and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." At the commencement of life, we are set apart for the worship and service of God, and made partakers of the blessed privileges of the Christian covenant, by an ordinance at once the most simple, significant, and solemn. Every thing which piety or prudence could suggest to make the first and best impressions, and to secure the most early attention to the "one thing needful," is done for us in baptism. As soon as it

is supposed that the mind is properly stored with Christian knowledge, and the heart duly influenced by spiritual principles, and the habits formed for holy living, we are invited to make a public profession of our faith in Jesus Christ, and to seek an increased portion of the influences of the Holy Spirit, by earnest prayer and the primitive custom of "laying on of hands," that we may "continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants to our life's end." We are next called upon to bind ourselves, by the most affecting and sacred tokens, to perpetual fidelity to our "Lord and Master," and to enter into the most intimate union and fellowship with him, by partaking of elements which represent the body that was crucified, and the blood which was shed for our eternal salvation. And in order to keep up a perpetual memory of these inestimable blessings, exalted privileges, and solemn obligations, we are required from time to time to repeat the sacred ceremony, which is pregnant with such affecting considerations and beneficial results. Nor can I entertain a reasonable doubt that my beloved daughter reaped a rich harvest from these institutions. I know they awakened her attention from time to time to the most important concerns, and served to keep alive

those Christian feelings which are essential to our happiness in both worlds, and which, without these means of grace, would have been in danger of languishing, if not of utter extinction.

HAVING brought the account of my dear daughter to that period of her life when she became a constant inmate of our family ; having her religious principles in some degree fixed and her character formed, she may now be considered as our confidential associate, and the companion of all our social enjoyments and pleasures.

It has been our custom for several years, to relieve the monotony of scholastic employments as well as to relax the mind and refresh the spirits, to make an excursion during two or three weeks in the summer to some new scene. The first in which our dear daughter accompanied us was to Matlock. The anticipation of this pleasure had long afforded us an agreeable subject of conversation, and seemed to beguile the tedium which is apt to attend the customary routine of duty. It appears to me to be matter of thankfulness, that

Providence has placed within our reach so many simple and natural remedies against wearisomeness and exhaustion. The recollections of past events, the little incidents of every returning day, and plans for future engagements, furnish an almost infinite variety for conversation, and ought to be reckoned among the many proofs of the Divine goodness, by which we are enabled daily to renew our strength and cheerfully to discharge the important duties of life. There is neither philosophy nor religion in despising little things. Life is in a great measure made up of them, and it is only on great occasions that extraordinary talents and attainments are called into action. Those, therefore, who refuse to take part in conversation, unless some subject of importance be under discussion, act an unnatural, as well as an unsocial part, and exclude themselves from one of the cheapest and most abundant sources of rational enjoyment.

Various incidents occurred on our way to Matlock, which were interesting to ourselves, particularly as it led us through the neighbourhood in which the greater part of my own youth had been spent; but as Matlock was the chief point of our destination, so it was also the spot which excited in her

the chief interest. On our arrival, in the cool of the evening, at the summit of the hill which commands an extensive view over this romantic place, I shall not soon forget what amazement seized my beloved daughter at the scene before her; the precipitous descent down which the carriage had to pass seemed greatly to alarm her. The stupendous rocks, which projected their bold and barren fronts whichever way she looked, presented such an aspect of terrific grandeur as she had never before beheld: and filled her with such awe as prevented her at first admiring, in other parts, the beautiful sides of the lofty hills which are covered with a variety of trees and shrubs, and washed at their base by the streams of the Derwent, softening and adorning the scenery with indescribable beauty.

When she recovered from the first impression and had safely passed the frightful descent, her mind was exceedingly elated with the sublime and enchanting scenery around her; and she hastened from one spot of beauty to another, without for the present resting upon any, as if incapable of satiating her eager curiosity and wondering eyes. Hitherto disease had made no inroads on our beloved child's constitution. Her cheeks were flushed with health, her limbs were

elastic and pliant, and her ardent mind was at its height of vigour. She ascended the steepest hills with agility, and looked upon her more sedate and cautious fellow-adventurers, as they slowly mounted the acclivity, with exultation and triumph. "The heights of Abraham" were scaled again and again, and she was always the ready companion of every fresh friend who needed a guide and an encourager to encounter those difficulties which she had so often overcome. Her taste for what was grand and beautiful in nature was exquisite, and few manifested greater delight than she did in whatever presented itself under this aspect. But she did not satisfy herself with merely beholding nature in her sublimity: she descended also with no ordinary pleasure to examine her more minute and microscopic wonders, and she was ever viewing with admiration the almost endless variety of mineral and fossil curiosities, with which this romantic place abounds.

Our out-of-door pleasures were interrupted by one or two wet days; but they did not prevent my dear Hannah from enjoying pleasures of another kind. She had made, at Matlock, a few new acquaintances, and she thought their friendship worth cultivating by drawing nearer to them

in social intercourse. Her agreeable conversational talent, joined with her unassuming and unaffected manners, and her readiness to fall in with their own way of amusing themselves, soon rendered her a favourite with the party; and I believe the lasting esteem of one or two pious and excellent ladies was the result of this accidental acquaintance. It was one of the happy peculiarities of my dear daughter's mind, to cull pleasure from whatever she came in contact with. Almost every thing has a dark and a bright side; and while some possess an unhappy ingenuity in discovering ground for repining under the most enviable circumstances, she could generally find some cause for cheerfulness in those that were by no means inviting. Disappointment never rendered her sullen and unconvertible. The wetness of a day which thwarted a favourite plan never discomposed her; she would join indeed with her friends, and say, "what a disagreeable day it is!" but she never suffered the day to make *her* disagreeable; she would, on the contrary, rather summon all her powers to disperse the gloom it seemed to bring along with it by being more than ordinarily cheerful in herself. I am aware, indeed, that these are minute things,

but still they are characteristic, and I trust I may be indulged a little if, with a heart still bleeding at the loss of this beloved daughter, I linger on those excellences of her disposition that made her so dear to ourselves.

One of the objects I had in view in this summer excursion was to pay a visit to some of those places which had been the scene of my juvenile pleasures and early education; and it singularly fell out that on the first Sunday of my absence from home, I preached in the church of my native village in Nottinghamshire; on the second, in the place where I spent the most years of my scholastic education, in Derbyshire; and the third, in the parish in Lincolnshire to which I was ordained as a minister.

Whilst we were spending our time at Matlock, I took my daughter over to Ashover, a large and populous village about four miles distant; and here I met with an old school-fellow, who introduced me to the Rector. On my telling him that every part of that house and those gardens and premises were, perhaps, as well known to me as to himself; and that I had spent many years under that roof as a pupil to the Rev. Mr. Cursham, who had more than thirty years ago been

curate of the parish, he kindly invited me to take his pulpit on the following Sunday. I confess this invitation fell in peculiarly with my feelings and wishes. The spot revived in me associations of the most affecting kind. It was in that very house, and in the church which stood opposite, that I had received, if not my earliest, yet certainly my deepest and most permanent impressions of the value of the soul and the necessity of securing, first, and above all things, its eternal salvation. In that house I had poured out my heart with the deepest fervour before the throne of grace for the pardon of sin and the renewing of the mind; and had with many tears offered up prayers, the fruit of which I was at this time enjoying. Scarcely was there a building or a field in that vicinity which did not speak to me with a voice irresistibly touching. *This* spot reminded me that I had joined myself to God in an "everlasting covenant never to be forgotten;" — *that*, that I had said, "if I do not remember Thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth:" *another*, that I had met with such an individual, and warned him to "flee from the wrath to come;" *a fourth*, that I had held delightful conversation with an eminent christian,

and that "my heart burned within me whilst he spake about Jesus Christ, and opened to me the Scripture." The whole neighbourhood to me was animated with beings invisible and inaudible to any ears and eyes but mine, passing before me in rapid succession; and each in its flight leaving behind it some affecting memorial; and had my hasty pacing from one spot to another, my sudden pauses, and the motion of my lips, and the emotions of my heart, been noticed by any one, I must have appeared to him an extraordinary stranger.

On the Sunday then I repaired with my wife and daughter again to Ashover, and there entered the church under impressions which it is impossible to forget. I had to proceed to the reading-desk (for I requested that I might perform the whole duty) through the pew in which I had sat more than thirty years ago, eagerly listening to the extraordinary sermons delivered by my late revered Tutor. I say extraordinary, for there was in them a mixture of vehement zeal, simple eloquence, bold declamation against vice, awful warning of the consequences of rejecting the Saviour, and fearless courage in delivering his message, almost approaching at times to daring

the enemies of truth, and yet accompanied with such tenderness towards those who discovered the least desire to be reconciled to God, and to embrace the salvation which is by faith in Christ Jesus, as I do not remember to have since heard. On passing into the desk I cast my eyes round the sacred edifice,—I recognized several faces that still bore a semblance to what they were more than thirty years before, but who had now advanced from manhood to the vale of life; others whom I had known when boys, but who had now passed, like myself, the prime of their days; but a still larger portion of the audience were entirely unknown to me, whilst I perceived the absence of numbers who had gone to give an account of themselves at that tribunal to which my worthy tutor had so often challenged them, for I looked in vain for them in the pews where I had been once accustomed to see them. The very walls of the church were calculated to awaken the most affecting recollections, for on them were still extant and prominent several passages of Scripture, written in large Roman characters with my own hand, and with the initials of my name and the date of the year at the corner of them. There I read, in letters of extraordinary size, “Prepare

to meet thy God ;" in another part, " Forget not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is ; and so much the more as you see the day approaching:" and over one of the doors, " Consider what has been said, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things:" for being a better penman than most of my school-fellows, my excellent tutor had employed me in this somewhat novel way of decorating the church. It will not be wondered then, if, under such circumstances, my feelings were wrought to a somewhat higher pitch than ordinary ; and that as I addressed my congregation only from notes, I took advantage of these circumstances, and spoke with such an effect as they might be expected to occasion. When I stated to the congregation that it was within those sacred walls that my own heart had been most powerfully impressed with the importance of the truths which I had just been stating ; and that though there were many things which I had, at that early period of my life, embraced as valuable and true, which I had since seen reason to reject as useless or pernicious, yet every succeeding year had deepened my conviction of the infinite value of what I had there imbibed, and would continue to do so, I had no

doubt, till I found their importance stamped with the seal of eternity :—when I alluded to the excellent man from whom I had learned those truths, and reminded some who then heard me of his indefatigable zeal in inculcating them, and the incessant labour with which he had endeavoured to bring them to the knowledge of the truth and into the way of salvation, and that he had already entered into his reward as a faithful ambassador of Jesus Christ, and would appear as “a swift witness” against those who continued to disregard the message he had delivered ;—when I alluded to the many whom I had known among them, but who had now given an account to God of the things done in the body ; when I appealed to those who were now on the verge of eternity, but who at that time were in the prime of manhood, and inquired what effect the truths he had taught had produced on their heart and conduct ; and addressed both young and old, rich and poor, with the greatest plainness and affection, the whole congregation appeared to be dissolved in tears, and I trust another day will show that our mutual feeling did not transpire with the occasion. God grant I may meet them with their late revered Minister, when the Saviour shall enter in triumph

with the multitude of his redeemed into his everlasting kingdom !

My personal obligations to this excellent man make me desirous of discharging a debt of gratitude, nor can I do this in a way more consonant with my feelings than by embalming his memory in this Tribute of Affection to my beloved Daughter. When Mr. Cursham accepted the curacy of Ashover, his views of religion were very different from what they became after two or three years' residence in that place. There never was a time, from the commencement of his ministry, when he was not most strictly conscientious in the discharge of his pastoral duties; and he laboured with great acceptableness and success, in reforming gross immoralities, and open disregard of religious duties, both at Blidworth, in Nottinghamshire, where he first entered on the ministry, and at Sutton-in-Ashfield, in the same county, to which he next removed.

At Ashover also his first labours were equally successful; and many careless and profligate characters were awakened to a sense of the importance of religion. His views, however, of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity were hitherto very obscure, or rather, as he himself considered,

and often acknowledged them, essentially erroneous. He had planned an excellent system of morals, but he had not placed, as the centre of it, the Sun of Righteousness, and consequently there was nothing to fix and retain the characters he reformed in their right orbit, or to warm, and animate, and fructify them. He saw no "unsearchable riches in Christ," and therefore he did not preach them; he felt no "constraining love" of him, and therefore he did not communicate the feeling to others. He was, however, perfectly honest in teaching others as much as he knew himself; and I believe few ever more faithfully denounced vice in every form of it, or inculcated with more earnestness the necessity of worshipping and obeying God than he did; and as he thus endeavoured to honour God, God honoured him; and in him was verified the truth of our Lord's declaration, "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." His mind was gradually led to clearer discoveries of the truth, and as light broke in upon him his sermons became more strictly evangelical, and his zeal increased to make known to others the discoveries he had made himself.

At length he found himself as it were in a new

world, and the apostle's observation was exemplified in him, "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature; old things are passed away and all things are become new." This change of sentiment was accompanied with an ardour of feeling in some degree corresponding with the magnitude and importance of the truths he had recently been taught, and under the strong influence of this new impetus he was sometimes carried beyond the limits which a cold and calculating prudence would have prescribed. Nor do I intend to justify all his measures. I well recollect several things which were far from being discreet, and which were calculated to excite a strong prejudice against him; and I the more readily pass this opinion on part of the conduct of an individual whose memory I shall ever revere, because more than once afterwards I heard him express his regret on account of these imprudences.

But it requires no great knowledge of human nature to learn with what difficulty strong impressions are kept within due bounds. Whilst under their full influence we can think and speak on nothing but the favourite topic, and all other objects seem for a season to be banished out of

creation. Just allowance ought therefore to be made for the common defects in our nature ; and whilst too many of us are grievously erring on the side of deficiency in zeal, we ought not to visit with unmeasured censure that of excess. The effect, however, of this change of sentiment was most marked both in himself and his parish. A strong interest was also excited in the neighbouring villages, and his church became exceedingly crowded, not only with his own parishioners, but with those who came out of curiosity, or from better motives, from other places. A few of the more opulent part of his charge became offended, both at his doctrines, his vehement manner of enforcing them, and the inconvenience they were subject to, when they occasionally attended church, from their pews being pre-occupied by others who had taken possession of them because they had generally found them empty. These stirred up a violent opposition ; representations were made to his Rector and Diocesan, and eventually Mr. Cursham was removed from his curacy. At the time this took place I was a pupil of this zealous minister, was deeply impressed with the truths he inculcated, and considered every thing he said and did to be exactly right and proper. The

effect of time and experience upon my own mind has been to confirm my former opinions of the truth and importance of his doctrines, to lead me to applaud and adopt many of his excellent measures, but to regret that, in some other respects, he did not act with due discretion. Some of his proceedings afforded but too just ground for complaint, and the whole of the opposition he met with ought not to be charged to the score of religion.

I would take this opportunity of urging upon every zealous advocate of the peculiar truths of the Gospel the necessity of caution, lest by any indiscretion he excite unnecessary prejudice. It is of the last importance clearly to distinguish between what is *essential*, and what may be only *expedient*. In the former no compromise can possibly be made. The truth, in a Christian spirit, and in its just proportions, must be delivered, fearless of all consequences. But there is much scope for deliberation as to the extent to which *improvements* ought to be pushed. A minister may discharge his own conscience, and his flock may be saved, without adopting them at all; and it becomes a simple question of ulti-

mate advantage or disadvantage whether they should be introduced. Taken by themselves, the question is decided at once; but, taken in their necessary connexion with other things, they require a sound judgment to determine their expediency. The benefit expected may be purchased at too high a price, and the price should be ascertained to its full extent before any experiment be made. If some good men had previously calculated the degree of irritation and the party spirit which a change in modes of singing, or in the usual version of the Psalms, or in times of performing divine service, and other innovations on long-established customs, were likely to produce, they would have hesitated before they adopted the obnoxious measure, and at least have waited till a fair opportunity had occurred of making the alteration with the least possible violence to inveterate prejudices. Rashness in these respects has frequently excited strong opposition, and sometimes led to the removal of valuable men from important stations. In such cases, it is unjust to attach these consequences to a faithful discharge of pastoral duties; they ought rather to be ascribed to a want of judgment and an ill-disciplined mind in the individual who forced his plans, and could

brook no opposition to his wishes. I say nothing of those measures which some would adopt in direct opposition to the usages and discipline of the church to which they belong, because it seems to be a violation of the principles of common honesty to trample upon the regulations to which they had voluntarily bound themselves. No man can have received a dispensation to set at nought his own vows, as well as the decent order which the wisdom and piety of the best of men had prescribed; and when, after having done this, he charges those whose duty it is to guard the institutions of the church against innovation with persecution for righteousness' sake, for having discountenanced his irregularities, and appeals to the public on the hardship of his case, he merits any thing rather than that Christian sympathy to which he lays claim, and which he is sometimes fortunate enough to obtain.

With regard to Mr. Cursham, I may add, that he was a man of a large and benevolent mind; and when an object presented itself, which was obviously good, he was no nice calculator of the sacrifices he might be required to make in accomplishing it; but, if at all practicable, he immediately set himself to work, and often achieved

his point, before others would have settled the previous question whether, all things considered, the attempt were feasible.

Soon after Mr. Cursham's removal from Ash-over, he was presented to the living of Annesley, in Nottinghamshire; and after a life of more extensive usefulness than ordinarily falls to the lot of clergymen in similar situations, and leaving behind him a name which will long be held in veneration, far beyond the circle in which he immediately moved, he died at Sutton-in-Ashfield, about twenty years ago.—“The memory of the just shall be blessed.”

But it is more than time that I return from this digression.

This excursion was attended with so many occurrences that were novel to my dear Hannah, and afforded so many occasions of displaying the different traits of her character, that I feel a strong temptation to dwell upon them more at large; but I fear it may be thought that I have already indulged sufficiently long in this train of feeling, I will therefore forbear.

Having interspersed this slight outline of my dear daughter's early life and education with such remarks as appear to me important in the training up of children, and recorded a few of the most prominent and interesting events of her life, I wish to add a few particulars of her *domestic*, *social*, and *general* conduct.

It will be inferred from what has been said of her cheerful and self-denying temper, that she would be a favourite in all parties: and I can truly say, that so essential was her presence to all the enjoyments and pleasures of the family circle, that now she is gone, every thing seems to have lost the charm and attraction with which it was before invested. There is scarcely an object we see, or touch, or talk of, with which she is not so intimately blended, as to call forth the most lively perceptions of her presence, and the most acute anguish at the immediate recollection that this presence is only ideal. It was but lately that her much-loved mother was making some arrangements in her store-closet, when, discovering that some jars wanted labels, she called out—Hannah! but, alas! the instant recollection that Hannah could return no answer, overwhelmed

her with indescribable agony. The little ornaments of the parlour, the study, the chamber, were supplied by her taste, and generally wrought by her hands. The garden and the greenhouse owed their choicest plants and flowers to her selection; and now she no longer walks among them, the very exuberance with which they have this spring and summer displayed their beauties and shed their fragrance, increases the sorrowful recollections with which each of them is associated. If we walk in the retired lanes or fields of our village, or visit the cottages of the poor, gloom and solitariness accompany us, instead of the ever cheerful and smiling countenance of our sweet daughter. Even the sacred duties of domestic and public worship seem to have lost a portion of their interest, from the absence of that deeply serious and ever-wakeful attention with which she always joined in them, and which formed so delightful a contrast to her accustomed vivacity. I am aware that a portion of this feeling may be ascribed to the common associations of parental affection towards a departed child, even of ordinary qualities; but I am fully persuaded that it was the peculiar and excellent properties of our beloved daughter which call forth the extraordinary

yearnings of our hearts at every recollection of her : and strange indeed would it be if it were otherwise : for what parent could be insensible of attention so tender, and assiduous, and self-denying (if self-denying those attentions can be called, which never suffered self to have a share, even in thought, where the comfort of her much-loved parents was concerned) as those which we every day experienced ! The slightest indisposition in us never escaped her ever-wakeful anxiety, and it immediately called forth her tender and endearing attentions. If any disease of a more serious nature than usual assailed us, it is impossible to describe the feeling and interest it instantly occasioned. She watched every look and anticipated every want. She was ever at the side of the sick bed, contriving something to soothe and alleviate her patient ; administering medicine, or surprising him with something which she thought would beguile the sickly appetite. Her expressive countenance, it is true, refused to conceal her secret emotions ; but that was not her fault : she did all that was possible to suppress what was passing in her own breast, and to cheer and sustain her beloved patient : and I may be permitted to say, both for myself and my dear wife, that the goings forth

of our heart to our beloved daughter on these occasions, were such as no language can describe, and which can be understood by those only who have been blessed with an only daughter like our own. Saving the uneasiness we could not fail to experience on witnessing her exquisite sensibility and anxiety on our account, the hours of sickness and languor were beguiled by her presence, and passed away in comparative ease and cheerfulness. On these occasions I need not say that no inducement could draw her from her paternal roof; and every engagement, whatever pleasure she had anticipated from it, was immediately given up when she thought her presence at home could be of the least benefit. It was but a few weeks previous to her dissolution that I was attacked with a fit of the gout. At the time of my recovering from it, she was solicited to spend a short time in Guildford Street, with her highly esteemed friends Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge, and her long tried and confidential friend Miss Tatham, and we all much wished her to accept the kind invitation, but I had much difficulty in persuading her to leave me; nor was it till after repeated assurances that I was convalescent, that she was prevailed upon to accompany her friends.

Whilst giving this recent instance of self-denial, when the prospect of much pleasure was before her, numerous others of a similar nature rush on my mind, and excite feelings which I will not attempt to describe. She has, alas ! performed the last of these affectionate attentions ; and though we shall, I doubt not, be mercifully supported in our future pains and sicknesses, yet no daughter will again stand at our pillow to watch our looks, to administer medicine, and anticipate our wants. No daughter will again reluctantly withdraw from our sick bed for the purpose of giving vent to her feelings ; or of repairing for fresh exertions, by a few hours of disturbed sleep, her own exhausted strength ; nor again, when returning health has changed the gloom of the darkened chamber into the cheerful light of day, will she accelerate our convalescence by her assiduous attentions, and sprightly conversation, and ever-smiling countenance : nor render that health doubly valued, by restoring us to the endeared society of the most beloved of all our earthly objects. But I ought not to indulge in these regrets. The event has been mercifully ordained, as well for us as for our beloved daughter, and in a better world we shall meet, I trust, under more favourable circumstances.

Neither she nor her parents will then be distracted with pain, nor languish with sickness, nor shall we again undergo the pangs of separation.

I am restrained from dwelling upon the union of heart which subsisted between her and her brothers, by the recollection that this Tribute of Parental Affection will fall into the hands of the latter. How dear she was to them, and how much cause there was to make her dear, they best know; but their parents can wish for no other proof of their mutual esteem and love, than the uninterrupted harmony in which they lived for many years, the constantly increasing interest they took in each other's welfare, the unsatiated delight they manifested in each other's company, and the heart-rending grief and distress with which her death overwhelmed them. I may speak, however, more freely of the affection with which she cherished them. Nothing could be more gratifying to a parent's feelings, than to observe the constant goings forth of her heart towards them. The slightest circumstances which affected them deeply penetrated her. She rejoiced in their hopes, and sustained a larger portion than themselves in their disappointments.

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It was one of her chief pleasures to associate with them when at home; and to correspond with them by letters when they were absent. In the letter to which I have before referred, her kind friend remarks: "Her affection for her brothers was unbounded: and their short absence from her seemed to increase that affection to the highest pitch. She spoke of the return of Charles and James from Oxford with rapture, and said in one of her letters, 'If I thought they could ever become indifferent to home it would break my heart.' With regard to her little brother Sam," her friend proceeds, "she spoke of him with the tenderest affection: she mentioned his return from his short residence at Brighton with delight: and said she had resumed her office of preceptress, and was most gratified to find him improved both in learning and disposition." In her two elder brothers she placed unbounded confidence, and gave them a great deal more credit than I am sure they will give themselves for the best of principles and the best of dispositions: and had she been longer spared, they would at least have had one friend to whom they might intrust with safety their inmost hopes and fears, and who would have been at all times a disinterested, and, I believe also, a

prudent counsellor in their difficulties. But they are now cut off from her society, and no longer walk together as friends. Their loss is great, and I believe they appreciate it. Should a temptation ever solicit them to decline from the path of piety and religion, they will, I trust, think of their sister. As a subordinate motive to holiness they can scarcely have a stronger; and their recollection of past pleasure in her society will urge them, I humbly hope, to seek a re-union, which shall be uninterrupted and eternal.

In the limited circle of her acquaintance she had a few choice friends whom she greatly esteemed and loved, and we could desire no better testimony of the sincere regard and affection in which she was held by them, than the deep and strong sensation which her death excited among them. All seemed to feel that a blank had been made in their social parties which would not soon be filled up. In the various and affecting ways in which they have expressed their regrets, they speak with one voice on the unaffected simplicity of her manners, the sweetness of her disposition and her uninterrupted cheerfulness and vivacity. There was a

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charm in her deportment which made her a favourite wherever she was known: and I ascribe this chiefly to the sincerity of her attachments, her unassuming demeanour, her delight in making all around her happy, by consulting their wishes and concealing her own; her playfulness of humour, which was entirely divested of sarcasm, and her high sense of propriety and delicacy of conduct. The friend just referred to says, "We always loved this dear friend—it was impossible for those who knew her to do otherwise; but her last visit at Southampton increased that feeling beyond what I can describe. The very servant who waited upon her, after she had left us, never spake of her but by the appellation of that dear young lady. We wished her to allow us a sketch of her beloved face as there was an excellent miniature painter in the town, but she opposed it so strongly that it was given up. Had we foreseen the stroke Providence was intending for us, we should have urged our request with an earnestness which would have taken no refusal."*

* It is a gratifying circumstance that we have been presented, within the last few weeks, with one of the most exact and beautiful miniature likenesses of our dear daughter, that was ever painted. Robt. Boyer, Esq. who, at an earlier period of life, when he prac.

After detailing numerous instances of her temper and conduct in confirmation of the facts I had stated in the former edition, Miss T. adds, "I could fill a quire of paper if I were to relate all the instances which my memory treasures of her filial piety, her open-hearted friendship, her warm benevolence, her tender-heartedness, and unaffected simplicity."

It may be observed of her general deportment, and intercourse with her neighbours, and especially with the poor of the village, that she uniformly displayed the character of a Christian and kind friend, and was greatly beloved by them all. To the lower classes she was most kind and affable. She took a great interest in their welfare and spent much of her time in visiting their cottages. On these occasions she seldom failed to inculcate upon

tised the art, was at the head of his profession as a miniature painter, hearing that we had a coarsely executed portrait of our daughter, most kindly offered us the aid of his talent to furnish us with a more correct and suitable resemblance of one so dear to us, and he has certainly succeeded to admiration. A friend, on looking at this miniature, said, "It not only reminds us of what she once was, but of what we may suppose she now is." I feel most happy in having this opportunity of acknowledging my obligation for this act of kindness.

them the necessity of attending to their salvation, and urged them to a constant attendance on the ordinances of religion, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and entreated them to send their children regularly to the village school. When they alleged, as a reason for their neglect in this respect, that they had no shoes, or clothes proper for their appearance, she would often furnish them with necessaries from her private purse, or mention their case to me. She paid particular attention to their children, and in the most discouraging cases she continued her efforts to instil into them some portion of knowledge and Christian principles, with a perseverance which is seldom equalled, and when any apparent good resulted, she "rejoiced as one that had found great spoil." She paid much attention to their neatness of dress and cleanliness, and took great delight in preparing bonnets against St. Thomas' Day, on which clothes to a large amount are annually distributed among the poor of Chobham. No day in the year, I have reason to believe, was so pleasant to her as this. The idea of seeing two or three hundred parents and children comfortably provided with clothes, and sheets, and blankets for the winter ; and all looking clean and comfortable,

afforded her a gratification which kind-hearted persons alone can understand. The next anniversary will want a charm of which more than her parents will be sensible. She was, as might be expected from this imperfect statement, much beloved by the poor. They considered her as one of their best friends, and not without reason, for it was one of her highest gratifications to promote their comfort ; and in doing this she counted neither time nor trouble.

A short time ago it appeared desirable to divide this extensive parish into different districts, for the purpose of exercising a more efficient inspection of its various parts, and several benevolent individuals undertook a share in the charitable work of urging parents to a more constant attendance at church, and greater punctuality in sending their children to school, of inquiring into their wants, and particularly whether they had Bibles, Prayer Books, &c., and giving them such advice as the varying circumstances of their families might require. My dear daughter begged for herself the inspection of the most remote, and in many respects the most discouraging parts of the parish, for no other reason, that I can conjecture, than that others might find it inconve-

nient to undertake this portion. With what cheerfulness and perseverance she pursued this "labour of love," in despite of more difficulties than she could have anticipated, none but her most intimate friends can form an idea. I have reason to fear that these long walks (for she had to go nearly three miles before she entered on her district, and the cottages lay scattered over a wide surface) were more than her now evidently declining strength was at all times equal to, and I sometimes said, "I am afraid you over-exert yourself; these walks exceed your strength, and do you harm;" but she invariably answered, with a sweetness of countenance and expression peculiar to herself, "O no! I am not fatigued; the walk does not injure me. I called at Mr. Rogers', where I rested, and had some cake, and I am not at all the worse." And here I cannot help recording the sincere affection which my dear Hannah felt for this kind family. She enjoyed much pleasure in their company, and seldom, if ever, passed their door without stepping in, and I believe the esteem was mutual. She was always a welcome visitor, and was never permitted, if they could help it, to leave them without some refreshment. It was to this friendly and hospitable fa-

mily that she made her last village visit, when the hand of death was upon her. In returning home (the distance is about a mile and a half) she was more than once obliged to rest ; and when she arrived she complained of great weariness, and never after this day went out of the house.

To all her neighbours she was kind and affable. She affected no airs of superiority ; nor did the notice she took of them wear the aspect of condescension. She was not at one time conversable and pleasant, and at another cold and distant, but always wore the same cheerful countenance. At her death every one seemed to have lost a friend. Even the aged and infirm, who saunter in the village in search of something to occupy a wearisome hour, had always found in her a good-natured creature who would stop and say, " How do you do ?" and listen to their complaints, and express a sympathy in their troubles, talk about the weather, and wish them better. But now they look in vain for her at the customary hour of her walks, and feel that they have lost another of their little comforts, and the village one of its most agreeable attractions, for they said " she made it look so cheerful."

Perhaps nothing can place the general estima-

tion in which my dear daughter was held in a stronger light, than the feeling and interest which her last illness and death occasioned in the neighbourhood. When she was considered to be in danger the numerous and anxious inquiries which were made at our own house, and still more so at the house of our medical attendant, and of himself whenever he left the death-bed of his patient, were exceedingly affecting; and during the last three or four days of her illness, when her situation was known to be most critical, and it was desirable to have his constant attendance, the whole of his patients, as by one consent (except in a few cases of emergency) forbore to send for him, that his undivided attention might be given to my beloved daughter. On the day of her interment the spectacle was truly affecting. So deep an interest had not perhaps been felt in the village for many years; and in the crowded concourse assembled in the church on that occasion few refrained from tears. On the Sunday following her funeral the church presented an affecting aspect. Almost every one who had the means of obtaining it, put on some external token of their sorrow, to testify their grief at the loss of one whom all so highly esteemed. And here I can

scarcely help mentioning an incident which is of no other importance than as showing how little we are aware of the aspect which our cursory observations may sometimes have on our own particular case, and how touching to individuals the most trivial things may be under peculiar circumstances. When my daughter was lying on her dying pillow, but without the least apprehension of danger either on her part or on ours, she observed to her mother how the window of a milliner in the village was filled with articles of mourning, and wondered how she could expect, in so small a place, to find customers for them. On the day of my daughter's funeral my dear wife was disappointed of some articles of dress from London necessary for the mournful occasion ; and recollecting the observation just alluded to, she sent to the village milliner for a supply, but every article had been pre-occupied by others, for the purpose of expressing their sorrow at the death of her who had so lately wondered how they could possibly be disposed of!

I HAVE thus endeavoured to give a faithful delineation of the character of my beloved daughter, and an idea of the esteem and affection in which she was held by her relatives, friends, and neighbours. I must now proceed to a more affecting part of my narrative, and disclose what passed in the concluding stage of life.

For a considerable time previous to the attack which terminated in the death of my dear child, she had been far from well. But such was the natural liveliness of her disposition, and her anxiety not to give uneasiness to her friends, that scarcely any would have supposed she was not enjoying excellent health, except those who were almost constantly with her, and from whom it was impossible at all times to conceal her weakness and pain. Her friends, however, who saw her only at distant intervals, marked a gradual change in her countenance and wasting of substance, and more than once mentioned their suspicions that she was not enjoying that degree of health which we seemed to imagine. I was, indeed, aware that something was wrong, and I frequently inquired respecting her health, but she always made so light of what she felt, and maintained such an

almost uninterrupted flow of cheerfulness, that I could not persuade myself any thing was materially out of order. Medical men were, however, at different times consulted, but they never apprehended any thing of a serious nature, and gave only such medicines as the incidental symptoms seemed to require.

In July of last year, as I before mentioned, she accompanied us in a visit into Lincolnshire; and at the solicitation of many of her friends, and especially of her aunt Mary, whom she loved with the tenderest affection, we consented to leave her for a few weeks to enjoy more of their society than we could afford to ourselves. She returned in August, but we were distressed to find that her health had been considerably affected by an attack of one of those diseases to which that part of the county is incident. But the malady apparently soon gave way, and she resumed her accustomed cheerfulness. I collect, however, from those who were best acquainted with the interior of my daughter, that she never after completely recovered her strength. Some secret mischief, it is now evident, was going on within, committing its slow but certain ravages, and was ready to

burst forth with resistless violence at a moment when we least expected it.

It was in this precarious state of health that in the beginning of April last she paid the visit, which I before mentioned, to her friends in Guildford Street, and which was the last, out of Chobham, she ever made. On this occasion she had the pleasure of dining with our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, at Mr. B's. Mr. W.* was struck with the difference in her present appearance from the flush of health in which he last saw her, and expressed his regret at seeing her look so reduced in substance, and with so little of her former colour. She made, as usual, light of her indisposition, and showed her accustomed cheerfulness and vivacity. She was exceedingly gratified with this opportunity of enjoying the society of Mr. and Mrs. W. and expressed to us in strong language the sense she entertained of their kindness in pressing her to pay them a visit. On the Sunday following she heard Mr. Wilson at St. John's, and was so deeply impressed with his evening sermon, that she wrote us an account of it, and said she hoped the impression

* Now Bishop of Calcutta.

would never be erased. On her return home she many times alluded to this discourse, and I believe it was the occasion of her coming to a more determined resolution than ever, to devote her future days unreservedly and entirely to the service of God. She had, while in London, purchased a few ornaments of dress, but she said to her mother in showing them, that she thought she should never wear them. The vanity of the world, and the value of the soul, and the importance of living for eternity, seemed to occupy her chief attention; and had it pleased God to protract her days, I am persuaded that every thing else would have received a very subordinate portion of her thoughts and cares. I cannot but connect, in a considerable degree, with this sermon of Mr. W. her very vivid perceptions in her last illness of the infinite stake she had in its issue. The messenger of death so soon arresting her after this renewed and solemn dedication of herself to God, filled her with apprehension that as she had not yet accomplished all that her awakened feelings suggested ought to have been done, nothing had hitherto been done to purpose, and that her former profession of religion had been insincere.

It was but a few days after her return from

this visit that my dear daughter was seized with her last illness; and as I have now brought her memorial down to the awful and affecting crisis, I wish to say a few things for the purpose of preparing the mind for what then took place.

I know not whether the facts I have to relate on this occasion are at all novel or extraordinary, but standing as I did in so near a relation to them, and having so deep an interest in the issue, and not having before met with a case of a similar kind, I wish to dwell with some particularity upon it, and some preliminary observations seem proper to prepare the way for the narration.

It will have been observed that my dear daughter had enjoyed considerable advantages as it regards a pious education. She had been watched over with great care at that period when impressions are most easily made, and are likely to become most permanent. The weeds of a corrupt nature were not suffered to grow and luxuriate, but were plucked out, as far as human efforts could avail, as soon as they made their appearance. The enemy was not permitted, if her parents could prevent it, either to sow tares among the wheat, or to carry away the good seed. The mind was early stored with the most important truths, and

the memory furnished with the most useful lessons, and all were seconded by earnest prayers for the divine blessing.

During the whole of her life she was ever under parental inspection, or that of pious relatives and instructors; nor had she ever been exposed to the dangers and temptations of an ensnaring world. She had regularly passed through all the stages of a religious education, and perhaps not a single ordinance of religion had ever been omitted which she had a proper opportunity of attending. It is highly probable that she never was absent during her whole life from a place of worship when she ought to have been there; never neglected a single sacrament after she first approached the sacred altar; never spent a Sabbath in the omission of religious duties, nor suffered a day to pass without reading the Scriptures and private devotion. Upon this culture God had granted his blessing. He moistened the seed with the dews of his grace, and gave the promise of a productive harvest; and our beloved daughter grew up under our care, "like a tree in a well-watered garden." She seemed to promise all that the most anxious parents could reasonably expect or wish. She was amiable, pious, and devoted. She

had come to the cross of Christ, as affording the only hope to perishing sinners, and all her dependence was placed there. She "looked upon him whom she had pierced, and mourned because of him;" and whilst she humbled herself at his footstool she received his salvation with a grateful heart, and earnestly desired to give herself up to his service. Her general frame of mind corresponded with this humble reliance on the atoning sacrifice. In honour she preferred others before herself, and scarcely thought any so much in need of a Saviour as herself. In the closet, in the family, in the sanctuary, she was uniform and consistent. Her most beloved associates were those who feared God and hated sin: and she dreaded the idea of coming in contact with the wicked. She loved those sermons best which came closest to the conscience, and among her friends she most esteemed those from whom she received the most faithful admonitions.* She was diligent in self-examination, watchful against sinful tempers, and circumspect in her deportment. In

* On a late occasion she said to her mother, "I love both the Miss B.'s very much, but I think I prefer Miss M. (the younger), *she is so faithful.*"

her were combined "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;" and had it pleased our heavenly Father to call her away at any period, her friends could have entertained no reasonable doubt of her having been transferred to a better world.

I do not, indeed, assert that these qualities in my dear daughter were unmixed with those of a contrary nature, or that any of them were free from imperfections. Such a representation would be as inconsistent with her own consciousness of innumerable sins, both of omission and commission, and the expressions of deep humiliation which she continually uttered during her last illness, as it would be at variance with the plainest declarations of Scripture, and our general knowledge of character. But what I mean to assert is this, that there was such a *predominance* of what is truly Christian, moral, and amiable in her character, as clearly to show that she had been "renewed in the spirit of her mind," and was an ornament to her Christian profession. It might therefore be expected, perhaps, that, in her case, death would have been divested of his terrors, and that she would have passed through the mortal conflict,

if not with triumph, at least with calmness and composure. But the contrary of this actually took place. When "the King of Terrors" first presented himself, she was filled with dreadful consternation, and shrunk back with horror from the awful conflict. She was agitated with such an internal tempest as I had never before witnessed: and no sinking mariner ever clung to the last plank with so much eagerness as she did to the cross of Christ. All around her seemed a wide waste of desolation. The billows rolled. Deep called to deep; and "all hope that she should be saved was taken away," except as this cross afforded her a stay.

Never can I forget this awful moment. We were like persons standing on the shore, beholding the storm, but incapable of affording any assistance. All that we most loved and cherished, and almost adored, was tossed on the tempestuous waves. Our hearts failed us. We directed, we encouraged, we exhorted. We pointed to the hand of Omnipotence, stretched forth for her deliverance, and said, be of good courage! We entreated her to take fast hold of it, and assured her she was safe. We pledged our life that there was no danger, and told her it was impossible she could perish;—

that she was just on shore, and that angels were waiting to welcome her arrival in the haven of rest! But—O! the infinite stake she had in the event of a single moment! an eternal separation from her dearest friends, or an indissoluble union: the society of “angels and the spirits of the just, of Jesus the Mediator, and of God the Judge of all;” or, of unbelievers, and hypocrites, and characters whom she most feared and abhorred, and of evil angels and the Prince of Darkness: the loss of all she loved and desired, and the exchange for it of all she hated and dreaded: the possession of heaven and its riches and its glories; or the endurance of eternal sorrow, where hope never comes: these—were the awful alternatives which were just before her, and hung upon the next breath, and agitated her even to an agony.

It is true, indeed, that this storm afterwards subsided, and a peaceful calm ensued. She was enabled to take a more quiet view of what lay before her, and to derive comfort from the gracious promises of the Gospel: but still it must excite surprise in many that she was ever thus agitated and agonized; and such will naturally inquire what could occasion to one, whom they would consider as an almost spotless character, such fearful antici-

pations of the future, such dread of being lost for ever. Whilst others, who have heard much of the joyful and triumphant deaths of Christians, may think it extraordinary that her sun should go down under a cloud, and may be led to suspect that the bitter reflections she made on herself were but too well grounded on the real state of her mind. A few observations will remove this mystery, and furnish some useful instruction.

She had just arrived at that period of life when every thing in this world is calculated to make the strongest impression, and to take the firmest hold on the feelings. Her mind was richly stored with knowledge, and her taste was formed for deriving pleasure from the most simple and natural sources, and which, for this reason, were numerous and within her reach. She enjoyed ample opportunities of adding to her stock of knowledge, and she was eagerly embracing them. She loved her parents, and brothers, and friends, with the most ardent affection, and derived from them all the happiness she could reasonably expect or wish. She was herself a centre of no inconsiderable attraction; and she received and communicated as much happiness as generally falls to the lot of a human being in the most favoured circum-

stances. She was not therefore like a tree whose roots had been loosened and branches torn off by repeated storms and tempests, or whose trunk had been scathed and shattered by lightning; but rather she resembled one which had been planted in a well-watered garden, rich in its foliage, beautiful in its bloom, and bearing the promise of abundant fruit. It was at this moment that the effects of the worm, which had been for some time corroding the root, became visible; the blossom faded, the branches withered, and the hope of the autumn perished. Let then the reader picture to himself my beloved daughter, suddenly required to close her favourite books, to give a last look at her garden and the opening spring, to bid her last farewell to her beloved relatives, to take her last kiss of her weeping parents, and to send her last love to her absent brothers* and distant friends, and will he wonder that she was agitated?

But this occasioned the least part of the conflict. It will be recollected that my dear daughter had the highest sense of the importance of religion

* They were at Oxford when she was taken ill, and did not reach Chobham till she had breathed her last.

and the value of the soul. In a moment the reality of her profession was put to the test ; and all that eternity presents, either exquisite in enjoyment or tremendous in suffering, was suspended on the result ! The holy law, with its extensive and spiritual requirements, was opened before her ; the dreadful sentence of death, awaiting the least violation of its demands, was sounding in her ears ; her sense of mind and acute perception of right and wrong suggesting innumerable deficiencies, duties omitted or languidly performed, resolutions forgotten or feebly executed, the sacraments, the public ordinances of religion, family worship, and private devotion,—each reminding her of coldness of affection, wandering of thought, or listless indifference : nothing done as it ought to have been done : and ten thousand things done which ought not to have been done : with all these things passing in rapid succession before the mind, and bearing along with them consequences to which imagination can fix no limit, and the whole involved in a single moment, and hanging on the next breath, and bursting with the suddenness of a thunder-clap on her astonished soul !—will it be thought extraordinary that she trembled ? that she looked fearfully around for help ? that she

cried, "Save, Lord, or I perish?" Reader! this is no imaginary scene! It was presented before the mind of my dear daughter, and it will, most probably, be presented before thine, if it be awake, as it ought to be, when eternity opens before thee! O, lose no time in preparing for it and securing a place of refuge! This, I humbly thank God, my beloved daughter had done; but in the suddenness and hurry of the occasion her mind was bewildered; the storm occupied her whole attention, the vessel was dreadfully agitated, and though the Saviour was in it, like the disciples on another occasion, she was greatly alarmed, and thought she must perish.

It is at times like this that the importance of a close and somewhat familiar acquaintance with the kind and compassionate character of Jesus Christ, and a persuasion of an interest in his merits, is chiefly seen. There may be a firm reliance on the atoning sacrifice, a sincere devotedness of heart to the service of God, and an habitual predominance of holy affection towards him; and yet such an awful perception of the distance between the humble individual and the infinitely glorious God, as to preclude all "joy and peace in believing." And when a natural

timidity of disposition and a keen perception of religious deficiencies are connected with this profound reverence, there must necessarily arise great doubt and distrust in peculiar emergencies, and especially in the near prospect of dissolution. Nothing, we know, is so suitable to a weak and sinful being, as the "humble and contrite heart, which trembles at the Divine word;" and such, we are assured, are the peculiar objects of God's favour; but yet there is a close affinity between this state of mind and anxious fear: and nothing but a most vivid perception and persuasion of our personal interest in the sufferings of Christ for the sins of mankind can overcome the feeling of personal guilt and unworthiness. When therefore these things do not accompany each other (and there is no *necessary* connexion between them), the most excellent Christian may be brought into great doubt, and even despondency; whilst at the same time he may be in perfect safety and high in the favour of God.

The difference between *faith* and *hope* is not always sufficiently attended to; and much presumption on the one hand, and despondency on the other, have arisen from confounding them. One person considers himself a believer of high

attainments, because he entertains no doubt of his being in a state of salvation; and another doubts whether he be a believer at all, because he cannot persuade himself that his sins are forgiven. But it is obvious that two distinct and very different acts of the mind are here confounded and blended together;—one, which assents to the fact that Jesus Christ is the only and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, and which places a reliance on the atoning sacrifice for pardon of sin and acceptance with God, which is the province of *faith*; and another, which appropriates to itself the blessings of this salvation, and confidently expects a future state of felicity, which is the province of *hope*. Now it is clear that these persuasions of the mind may exist separately from each other, and that one of them may be very strong, whilst the other has scarcely any existence at all. St. Paul clearly recognizes this distinction, when he offers up a prayer for the church at Rome (xv. 13.) that “the God of *hope* would fill them with all *joy* and *peace* in *believing*.” It is here implied that genuine faith may exist without either *joy* or *peace*; and by addressing his prayer to “the God of *hope*,” he intimates that *joy* and *peace* are the fruit of *hope*, and are distinct blessings, and to be

superadded to the grace of faith. Faith, then, may not only be unaccompanied by hope, but remain without any joy or even consolation, and the person possessing it may continue under great dejection of mind. Nor is it, in point of fact, uncommon to find Christians, who have no doubt whatever of the ability and willingness of Christ to save sinners, and who came to him alone for salvation, and yet are subject to distressing fears lest they should not be partakers of the blessings of the gospel. I recollect a striking instance of the truth of this remark, in the case of a late eminent Christian minister. For a long time previous to his death he laboured under a morbid affection of the nerves, which sometimes brought him to the very verge of despondency; and on one occasion he said to me—"My conviction of the truth of these things (laying his hand on the Bible) is stronger now than it ever was; but I have no interest in them." Had this excellent man died in this state of mind, no one could have reasonably doubted of his safety, for the obvious reason that he exercised the fullest faith in Christ, and had shown its genuine character in a holy and most useful life, though he denied that he had any hope of ultimately sharing in the blessings of

salvation. The "full assurance of hope" is indeed an invaluable privilege, and cannot be too earnestly desired ; but it is nowhere stated in scripture as being essential to our future happiness, as faith is ; and a person may be a genuine Christian without the former, though not without the latter. (Mark xvi. 16.)

This distinction between faith and hope is also confirmed by the fact, that it is the duty of all men to believe in Jesus Christ ; but it is not the duty of all to be persuaded that they shall be ultimately benefited by him. This persuasion must depend on certain facts, and it will vary greatly at different times and under different circumstances. So far from being required at all times to consider ourselves partakers of the benefits of Christ's atonement, as we are at all times to exercise faith in him, it would often be the highest degree of presumption to do so, and many who boast of their safety ought rather to be alarmed for their danger. The flippant assertions which many professing Christians make of their certainty of obtaining eternal salvation often grieve the minds of more thoughtful men. It is but too evident, in many cases, that this confidence rests on no Christian or reasonable foundation. They have received an

impression, or they have had a dream, or some text of scripture has crossed their mind, or something within them has suggested the thought : and these are considered as resulting from the agency of the Holy Spirit, and as indications of the divine favour. I should be afraid to intimate that every thing of this kind is to be ascribed to imbecility of mind, or an over heated imagination, because this would be to limit the operations of the Holy Spirit, and to contradict some very remarkable facts : but considering how liable such impressions are to be misunderstood, the suspicious causes from which they often arise, the readiness with which Satan might produce them by "transforming himself into an Angel of Light," the numerous cases in which they have been known to be delusive, and the door they open to the most extravagant enthusiasm, I think they should be received with extreme caution, and carry along with them the clear stamp and impress of the finger of God before they are credited : and that instead of expecting them in the ordinary course of divine dispensations we should rather look to the plain scriptural evidences of a state of grace ; and found our hopes of personal safety on the correspondence of our own state and character with those infallible

tests. In this way, we may reasonably expect the Holy Spirit to direct our attention to appropriate passages of scripture, to enlighten our understanding to comprehend their meaning, and to dispose our hearts to embrace them. Thus, whilst our faith relies upon the atoning sacrifice for pardon of sin, and acceptance with God, our hope will repose on an immoveable foundation : and, as “ an anchor of the soul, it will enter within the veil,” and sustain it under the storms of life, and in the last conflict with death. It is, I apprehend, generally in this way, that the experienced Christian is at length enabled to say, with the veteran Apostle, “ I know whom I have believed ; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.”

These remarks will satisfactorily account for the state of my dear daughter's mind, when she first apprehended that she was on the verge of eternity. She never for a moment doubted of the power and willingness of Christ to save sinners ; but, on the contrary, believe that he is “ able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him :” nay, she had confided her soul to his keeping, and renounced all hope of salvation but through him, and therefore she possessed a genuine faith : but

she was not prepared for the sudden emergency, nor had she ever yet, though the thoughts of death were scarcely ever absent from her mind, contemplated death as actually commissioned to bring her immediately into the presence of her Judge. When therefore the awful summons was given she was thrown into alarm; the infinite consequences suspended on a single breath almost overwhelmed her, and the consciousness that she had fallen very far short of her own exalted ideas of what the Christian character ought to be, induced her to call in question the sincerity of her profession and the reality of her religion. These distressing fears were also augmented by the very resolutions she had recently formed of giving up herself entirely to the service of God. She had resolved, and that within a few days previous to her last illness, to make the "One thing needful" the object of her exclusive care, to throw up every trifling pursuit, and to devote every member of her body and faculty of her mind to the service of Him who demanded, and who she felt deserved the whole heart: but before this holy purpose could be fully accomplished, she was arrested by the hand of death: and because so little of her future plan had been executed, she concluded she had hitherto done

nothing, and having fallen so far short of the standard she proposed, she doubted the very existence of religion in the heart. Hence, she could view herself in no other light than the chief of sinners, no prayer seemed to suit her case, but that of the Publican, nor could she derive any hope but from the promise of mercy to the greatest offender. She was then, it is true, "poor in spirit;" but this did not exclude her from "the kingdom of heaven;" nor, if the spirit had actually taken its flight in the agonizing struggle to lay and keep hold of the cross of Christ, would she, on this account, have been spurned from the presence of a compassionate Saviour.—But I must proceed to the awful and affecting crisis.

The apparent commencement of her last illness was on Sunday, the twentieth of April. While at church in the morning, she was seized with shivering; but, apprehending no serious consequences, she attended again, in the evening; nor was I made acquainted with her indisposition till the following day.

On Monday morning she commenced a letter to her much beloved friend Miss Tyler, but laid it aside after writing four or five lines; and this last fragment of her writing, which her affectionate

friend wished to possess as a sacred memorial of one whom she held in no common esteem, bears marks of her indisposition, as it appears to be written in a less firm and even character than her usual letters. She afterwards took the walk, of which I have before made mention, to her esteemed neighbour Mrs. Rogers, and on her arrival there she appeared fatigued and thirsty. She was exceedingly exhausted on her return home, and I was then informed of her illness. On feeling the pulse I perceived she had a good deal of fever; but I apprehended no other serious consequences than such as usually proceed from a severe cold. She retired somewhat earlier than usual to rest, and I gave her a dose of James's powders, at the same time desiring her to put her feet in warm water. This produced a copious perspiration, and the next morning she seemed to be considerably relieved. Still the fever was by no means removed; I therefore repeated on Tuesday and the following day (for she was unwilling that I should call in our medical attendant) such medicines as appeared to me likely to remove her indisposition; and on Thursday she seemed to be so much better as to need no further medicine. The pulse was good and natural; she came down stairs, sat

up the greater part of the day, and was exceedingly cheerful. She felt, however, towards evening great weariness, and when I took leave of her at night, I perceived that her pulse had again very much quickened, and the fever had returned. She spent a restless night, and finding her much indisposed in the morning, I told her that though I saw nothing alarming in her case, yet I did not think it prudent any longer to prescribe for her myself, and after some hesitation she consented to my calling in our medical attendant. She had several times in the course of the last two days asked me if she was in danger, and seemed anxiously alive to every indication of our feelings, either by word or countenance, so that it was peculiarly necessary to proceed with caution to prevent alarm.

On feeling her pulse, Mr. T. Ives inquired whether she had been delirious during the preceding night. At this question she was evidently alarmed, and after telling him that her head had never been in the least affected, she asked him whether he thought she was in danger. On his smiling at her question, and assuring her that there was nothing serious in her case, she resumed her usual composure and cheerfulness.

There was however something very unusual in her pulse from the commencement of her illness. At various periods in the progress of it, it was at the rate of from 130 to 150, and yet she never experienced the least delirium, nor had any local fixed pain. When, at a later period of her disease, Mr. Ives, the father of our medical friend, first offered us the benefit of his extensive practice and well-known skill in aid of the kind attentions of his son, he said that on taking hold of her hand he instinctively withdrew his finger from the frightful pulse.

After two days attendance of Mr. T. Ives, the disease seemed a second time to yield to medicine, and we had sanguine hopes that his patient would be convalescent; but after the greater part of a day had passed under encouraging prospects, she again relapsed, and the symptoms returned with unabated violence. It was then deemed expedient to use the lancet, and after the same period of two days the pulse again became almost natural; and my beloved daughter, as well as ourselves, anticipated a speedy recovery; but our hopes were a third time disappointed, for after nearly another whole day's improvement, her pulse resumed its former rapidity. These intermis-

sions in her malady confirmed me in the opinion I had entertained from her first relapse, that she was labouring under the disease with which several of her Lincolnshire friends had been recently afflicted, of whom we had lately heard that they had had three or four attacks of what is there well known by the name of an *intermittent*; and I was the more disposed to draw this conclusion from the fact of her having returned last autumn from Lincolnshire with this disease upon her. I was therefore very sanguine in my expectations that this illness would neither be fatal nor of long continuance. In the former of these hopes, alas! I have been most afflictingly disappointed. The hand of death was upon my dear daughter when the worst I feared was a lingering recovery from an intermitting fever. The malady however yielded a fourth time to medicine, and a fourth time it resumed its accustomed violence.

A fortnight had now nearly elapsed since she had been confined to the house. Her inquiries during this period were frequent whether danger were apprehended, and the answers she received were always encouraging, for the obvious reason that no one anticipated any other than a favourable result. I did, however, more than once intimate

to my beloved child that it would be presumptuous to say that, where there is disease there is no danger; and that we must look up to God, with whom alone are the issues of life, to bless the means made use of for her recovery; but that humanly speaking, there were no symptoms in her case which did not seem to be under the control of medicine, and that we had the best reasons for trusting that the issue would correspond with all our wishes. Every day I believe during this fortnight, either I or her mother read to her some portion of Scripture, and as she could not join in our family worship, I always prayed by the side of her bed when we retired to rest. Perceiving that she entertained distressing fears of death, I took every opportunity of indirectly suggesting such thoughts as were most likely to remove this dread. Having had occasion one of these days to visit a sick neighbour, of whose religious state I had reason to hope well, but who was exceedingly afraid lest she should not be saved, I mentioned the case to my daughter, and repeated the arguments I had used, and the passages of Scripture I had quoted to administer comfort, hoping in this way to impart instruction and consolation to my beloved child. She lis-

tened with eager attention but made no reply. As soon, however, as I was gone out of the room, she said to her mother, "I don't wonder that Mrs. ——— is alarmed, it is an awful thing to die!"

On the first Sunday evening after her confinement to her bed, I repeated to her a few of the particulars of the sermon I had been preaching on the twenty-third Psalm, and dwelt somewhat at large on the security and comfort which those enjoy who have the Lord for their guide and support, when "walking through the valley of the shadow of death." On the same day my dear wife read to her the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and when she had finished my daughter exclaimed, "What a beautiful chapter!" This led to a conversation between them on the atonement of Christ, and to some observations on an individual whom they both greatly esteemed and loved, but who, it was feared, did not entertain scriptural views of this fundamental doctrine. Her mother expressed a hope that this friend would still obtain salvation, on which my daughter replied with apparent surprise, "Why, mother, is there any *other* way?" It was answered, that she knew of no other, but that she trusted the indi-

vidual would be brought to receive this doctrine before death. I mention this to show that she had no idea that salvation could be obtained in any other way than through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that all her dependence was upon him.

During this period of her illness, she often expressed her earnest desire that she might be restored to health in order that she might reduce into practice the plans she had formed for devoting herself more unreservedly to the service of Christ. She spoke of the impressive sermon she had heard from Mr. Wilson when in London a few Sundays before, and seemed to think nothing of importance but a serious attention to the "one thing needful." She was apparently in an almost constant spirit of prayer, and seemed to enjoy no conversation so much as that which related to sacred subjects. She was, however, generally cheerful, and never uttered a single complaint. At times, indeed, her natural playfulness of temper stole upon her, and she made some observations which occasioned those around her to smile, and to make rejoinders on her pleasantry. She soon, however, recollected herself, and told me that she was exceedingly grieved at what appeared to her

to border on levity. She said, "I thought I was getting better, and then I allowed myself to talk foolishly. O how I fear," she added, "if I am restored to health that these serious impressions will wear away!" During a considerable portion of two days in the second week of her illness, her mother was confined to her bed by one of her distressingly painful sick headaches. On her return to the chamber of her daughter it is not easy to describe the joy of my beloved child. "O, mother!" she exclaimed, "I think I never before so rejoiced to see you; the very sight of you does me so much good that I could now fancy I am almost well." And here I may remark, that her affection for her parents was intense. Frequently in the midst of her sufferings would she express for them the tenderest regard. She could not restrain the emotion of her mind when she saw our distress, and in various endearing ways showed the goings forth of her heart towards us. Her affection also was manifested in a striking manner towards her aunt Samuel. From the time of her aunt first visiting my dear daughter, she scarcely ever left the sick room, but, night and day waited upon her with a degree of self-possession, quick perception of what was wanted, dexterity in every

necessary sick-room arrangement, ever wakeful attention to the very looks of her beloved niece, and cheerfulness of countenance and manner, which I never saw equalled, and which I think it scarcely possible to be surpassed. She became so necessary to my dear child's comfort, that the very short intervals of her absence for the purpose of obtaining a little rest and sleep were sensibly felt by my daughter, and happy was it for her that her aunt could as ill endure absence from her beloved patient as she could from her aunt. It affords unspeakable comfort to me and my dear wife in the recollection of the distressing scene through which we have passed, that nearly from the time in which we first apprehended danger to the last crisis our beloved daughter enjoyed the society and affectionate attentions of one whom, next to her parents and brothers, and perhaps her aunt Mary, she probably loved above all others, and who performed for her much more than the agitated feelings of her parents would have permitted them to do.

It was not till Sunday, the fourth of May, that we began seriously to apprehend danger. In the morning of that day she appeared considerably better, and we went to church, leaving her in the

care of a servant, in the hope of finding her still improved on our return. But immediately on entering the house after church, the servant apprized us that Miss Jerram was not so well as when we left her. We hastened to her chamber and found her breathing with great difficulty, and with a pulse exceedingly rapid and fluttering. She said that, soon after we were gone, a dimness came across her eyes so that she could scarcely distinguish objects, and she had a sensation at her chest which at times almost prevented her breathing; and what had greatly added to her distress, she was unable to call the servant. She stated that at one time she thought she was dying, and had waited with the greatest anxiety for our return. I immediately called in Mr. T. Ives, and perceived his alarm on feeling her pulse. Nor did his fears escape the watchful eye of my daughter; and she eagerly asked if she was in danger. He made as light of the affair as he could, and succeeded in some measure in abating her fears. He thought it proper again to have recourse to the lancet, and she cheerfully submitted to the operation; but, alas! no apparent benefit resulted from this measure, and it was impossible for me any longer to close my eyes against the danger

which threatened my dear child. Feelings which I will not attempt to describe now agitated and almost overwhelmed me.

It is my custom in the afternoon of the first Sunday of every month to catechize the children of the Sunday School publicly in the church. I went as usual; but I was unable to proceed with my task, and I gave notice that there would be no evening service. The idea that our dear and only daughter, the delight of our eyes, and the joy of our heart, who had been cherished and brought up with the tenderest affection, who had become all, and more than all, that we could have reasonably expected, the constant and delightful companion of all our domestic and social pleasures, and our principal hope of earthly comfort for years to come, was about to be torn from us in the spring of her days and the bloom of life, produced indescribable yearnings of heart, and for a time incapacitated me for the discharge of any duty. I immediately sent a hasty messenger to Staines, to call in the assistance of Dr. Pope, and to inform my brother Samuel and his wife of the dangerous state of my dearest child. During the afternoon of this day the alarming symptoms still continued; but every effort was

made to conceal them from the beloved patient; and it affected me exceedingly to see the cheerful smile which still continued to sit on her countenance. From the first hour of her malady to the last moment of it, so far as respected her illness, she never, I believe, uttered a single impatient word, nor betrayed a single dissatisfied feeling, so that every one who was admitted into the sick room, felt a delight in being present with her.

In the evening of this day Dr. Pope arrived, and evidently saw much danger in the case of his patient; but I am disposed to think, that with all the advantages of a course of practice extended beyond that of most physicians, and of his long-tried and well-known ability, he did not discover the cause of her malady; and it remains, I believe, a mystery to the present day. It does not fall within my province to make remarks on the the nature of her disease; and, therefore, I dismiss this subject by stating that all that seemed possible in this case was to treat the symptoms as they occurred; and every thing which medical skill and unwearied attention could accomplish was done for my beloved child. On the evening also of this day Mr. Ives, of Chertsey, the father of our

medical friend, called to see her, and slept that night in the house, as he most kindly continued to do during her few remaining days. It was indeed a great satisfaction to our anxious minds thus to have constantly at hand three skilful medical attendants, one or more of whom was always with her at this critical period.

On Monday morning she appeared somewhat better, and during the greater part of the day the symptoms of the disease were so much kept in check, that our hopes again revived that she might still do well, and her own spirits were sustained in an extraordinary manner, so as to enable her to maintain an almost uninterrupted cheerfulness. In my conversation and prayer with her I avoided as much as possible alarming her fears; but still I endeavoured to direct her views to the blessed Saviour, and made such general remarks as appeared most likely to sustain her mind, should the conflict which I so much dreaded be at hand. She slept the former part of the following night, and till nearly five the next morning. She awoke with the sense of numbness in one of her legs, and she immediately exclaimed—"I am dying!" Mr. Ives was sleeping in his clothes in the adjoining room, and was with her in an

instant. Without being apprized of her situation, I was proceeding at about half-past five to inquire after her health, when I was met by Mr. Ives, before I entered the room, who said, "Miss Jerram is not quite so well as she has been. She seems, in her sleep, to have pressed upon some particular nerve of the thigh, which has produced numbness and thrown her into a good deal of alarm!" This was kindly intended to prepare me for what I should witness on entering the chamber; and I endeavoured, as much as possible, to conceal my anguish of mind. I approached the sick bed, and found her aunt on one side and a servant on the other, rubbing her hands; and a third at the bottom, performing the same office on her feet. There needed no interpreter of this process. On looking at my dearest child, I perceived her breathing with great difficulty: alarm was depicted in her countenance, and she fixed her eye upon me in a way that I will not attempt to describe. The fearful result rushed on my mind with such violence as to render me incapable of disguising what was passing within; and I have no correct recollection of what I either said or did at this dreadful moment. This was the commencement of a day the most distressing which

I had ever experienced. "My soul hath it still in remembrance, and is humbled in me." Not that it was a day of unmixed darkness and distress: there was much in it to call forth the most grateful recollections, and to excite thankful acknowledgments to "the Father of mercies." But if there is any thing agonizing to the mind of a parent, in seeing a beloved and only daughter, whom he had, alas! idolized to an extent of which he had hitherto no idea, in the apparent convulsive struggle of death for many hours, with a mind during the greater part of this time labouring under intense apprehensions of what might be the final result of the fearful conflict: if there is any thing overwhelming in the idea that this parent had to sustain, by the precious promises of the Gospel, his almost desponding daughter; and to animate her, under the apprehension of immediate dissolution, with the hope of a crown of glory, and an imperishable inheritance, just at hand; and this at a time when his own heart was ready to break with the dread of being immediately bereaved of his child, whom he loved more than his own life;—then may I have occasion to bear in mind this memorable day with no ordinary emotions. I will, however, proceed to

give as correct a detail of what occurred as my still agitated mind enables me to recollect; premising that it is only a part of what took place, that I can state; and even that part not, perhaps, in the exact order and time when it took place, or in the precise words in which every thing was said.

After the first emotions had in some degree subsided, my daughter said, "I am dying—O pray for me, Father!" I replied, "I hope not, my dear. God is all-sufficient, and he can raise you up again. Don't be alarmed." I perceived, however, that the agony of her mind was great, and I said all that my hurried feelings would allow to compose her. I dwelt on the encouraging promises of the Gospel, and endeavoured to set before her "the loving-kindness of the Lord," in sending his Son to be a propitiation for our sins. I directed her to the cross of Christ, on which our sins were expiated, and assured her that none were ever rejected who placed their dependence there. "Yes," she replied, "but when he called, I refused; and now, when I call, he will reject me." "You have altogether mistaken," I said, "the application of the awful passage of Scripture (Prov. i. 24, &c.) to which you allude.

It refers to characters who have hardened themselves in iniquity; who have turned a deaf ear to God, when calling them by his word and his providence to repentance, and who have refused to be reformed: they had 'set at nought all his counsel, and despised all his reproof.' Besides," I said, "supposing your views of yourself to be correct, you must recollect that the Gospel offers pardon to 'the chief of sinners:' that the Saviour declares, 'him that cometh unto me, I will in *nowise* cast out;' and God has said, 'though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" As she still refused comfort, and charged herself with insincerity in her profession of religion, I continued to repeat such passages of Scripture as offer encouragement and assurance of mercy to the greatest offenders. I reminded her of the Publican, who smote upon his breast, and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and who went down to his house pardoned and justified. In this emergency it did not seem expedient to dispute the point, whether she was really the character which, in this moment of alarm, she considered herself; but admitting it to be, to the full extent, as her fears had cruelly

misrepresented and distorted it, I thought it best to show her that the Gospel has made abundant provision for the pardon and acceptance of all who come unto God by Christ; and that none would be rejected who "have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before them."

Her mind seemed for a moment to be relieved by these passages of Scripture; but she soon replied, "I do not feel any love for Jesus Christ." I replied, "Your feeling at this time so little love to the Saviour arises from your fears that he will reject you. If you were assured that he loves you, and has forgiven your sins, should you not then love him? "O yes, O yes," she said, "indeed I should!" "Well, my dear," I replied, "the reason why any of us love him is because 'he first loved us;' and the moment you cease to put away from you his gracious promises of pardon, you will be filled with love and gratitude to him."

During the whole of this conversation her eyes were continually lifted up towards heaven: and though her labouring breath scarcely permitted her to articulate a single sentence, and her pulse could now with difficulty be felt, yet she kept urging the Publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a

sinner;" and appeared, at times, in an agony lest her suit should be rejected.

There was occasion, about this time, to give her some liquid, to support her sinking frame; and in putting the spoon to her mouth, my feelings instinctively urged me to say, "Drink this, in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful." She received the cordial with the greatest solemnity, and seemed to lift up her heart to God, that she might receive the sacramental blessing.*

* The author is quite aware, that the strict propriety of what is here related, as well as in another place, near the conclusion of this affecting scene, may be questioned. But the candid reader will make great allowance for the feelings of a parent on so distressing an occasion. It may be asked, perhaps, why the holy Sacrament was not regularly administered in this emergency? The answer is obvious. The preparation would have redoubled the alarm: and the agitated patient would have concluded that all hope of recovery was given up. Nor could the parent have sustained the mental conflict, while going through the whole of the solemn sacramental service. But, after all, the author begs it to be understood, that he is not here recording what it would have been *right* for him to have said and done; but, as nearly as he can recollect (and he wrote down the particulars almost immediately after her decease) what *actually* took place. He can *now* think of several things, which he wishes he had then thought of; but to have placed these after-thoughts among the

As both our minds became somewhat tranquillized, I entered into a more calm conversation with her on the promises of the Gospel. I said, "Did Jesus Christ come into the world to call the *righteous* to repentance?" "Oh, no!" she replied, "he came to call *sinners*—he came to call *sinners* to repentance." "You think yourself *lost*?" "Yes, indeed, I do." "Whom did Jesus Christ come to seek and to save?" "He came," she said, "to seek and to save that which is *lost*." "Well, then, do you not think he came to seek and to save *you*?" "I *hope*," she replied, "I *hope* he did." "*Hope!*" I said; "it is *certain* he did. He cannot deny himself, and you should not discredit his word. It is unbelief which rejects comfort when it is so freely offered; and you may offend the blessed and compassionate Saviour, by disbelieving his most positive declarations. You seem to think it difficult to believe that God will save sinners; now I should despair of your being saved, if you did not feel yourself a sinner.

You can scarcely admit, that the Father of mercies will regard the humble and contrite; and

facts of the case, would have given a false representation of the whole, and passed an imposition on his reader.

you think him reluctant to receive such into his favour; but was there any appearance of such unwillingness to be reconciled to us, when he 'gave his only begotten Son' to die for us?" "O no!" she replied, "God *so* loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Yes, my love," I replied, "and only think how plain and simple an affair faith is, you remember our Lord's own beautiful illustration of it: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish but have everlasting life.' " "O yes! O yes!" she said, "I remember the brazen serpent: those who were perishing with the bite of the serpent, looked at it, and lived. O Lord Jesus Christ, thou wast lifted up on the cross: I look to thee! O suffer me not to perish! O suffer *me* not to perish!" I then said, "Do you not think, my dearest child, that I most tenderly love you?" "O yes! she said, I am sure you do: kiss me," and she stroked my face with inexpressible tenderness. "So great," I said, "is my love for you, that if I might be permitted to exchange places with you, I would most gladly die in your stead. Now mark

the language of the Holy Scriptures : ' Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' You see your heavenly Father pitieth you as much as I do : will he then cast you away ?" " I hope not ! I hope not !" she replied. " You recollect, do you not, the case of Ephraim bemoaning himself as you do : and what said God in return ?" She immediately replied, " Is Ephraim my dear son ? is he a pleasant child ?" and was proceeding with the affecting passage—but her labouring breath would not permit her to finish it. I therefore concluded it,— " since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still, therefore my bowels are troubled for him, I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." " Beautiful ! beautiful !" she exclaimed. I then mentioned many other passages of Scripture, in which mercy is promised to the penitent believer, in the most unlimited and unconditional terms, and added—" You see, my dear, that the whole Bible seems to be written for the encouragement of the humble and penitent; and to meet a case like yours." I dwelt particularly on the case of the prodigal son, who said " I will arise and go to my father," and on the father seeing " him *a long way off*, and *running*, and *falling on his neck*, and *kissing him*." I

asked, "does this look like a reluctance on the part of our heavenly Father to receive those who come to him for mercy?" "O no! O no!" she replied: "And," I said, "this history is the more remarkable, and encouraging, because our Lord recorded it for the direct purpose of inducing the very worst of characters to come to him, and of setting forth his abundant mercy towards such as do return." She seemed considerably calmed, if not comforted, by this conversation; and after some interval, I said, "you have no doubt, my dear, of Jesus Christ being *able* to save to the *uttermost all* that come unto God by him." "O no!" she replied with peculiar emphasis, "*none whatever*. I only doubt whether he will save *me*." And then, clasping her hands in an agony, she prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner! O Lord Jesus Christ, who wast lifted up upon the cross to save sinners, do not suffer me to perish!" She then exclaimed,

Rock of ages, rent for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;

and was endeavouring to proceed with this affecting hymn, with an energy and emphasis I never saw

equalled ;— but her breath and her strength failed ; and she could only repeat, with a convulsive sob, here and there a word or two. I therefore read over the whole to her, and with her hands still closed and her eyes eagerly lifted up to heaven, she uttered now and then a word after me : but when I came to the passage—

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling ;

her whole manner and countenance instantly reminded me of Job's expression—" Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him ;" for never did a sinking mariner take faster hold of the last plank than she seemed to do upon the cross. When I proceeded to the following words,

Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

never shall I forget the effort and vehemence with which she reiterated,

Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

No language that I am master of can convey

an idea of this affecting scene. All around her bed were dissolved in tears; and what were the sensations of her parent's breast, others must be left to conceive. When we had in some degree, recovered ourselves, I proceeded with the hymn; and again I must leave imagination to supply what I have no words to convey, when I read to my sweetest child, apparently in the last conflict with death, and who also made an effort to repeat almost every word after me :

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!*

During the whole of this time the self-abasement and deep humiliation of my beloved child

* The reader may wish, perhaps, to have the whole of this beautiful Hymn. It is as follows:

Rock of ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,

were such as I never before witnessed ; and every thing conveyed the idea of a being utterly bereft of hope, save as the cross of Christ, upon which she held with the firmest grasp, kept her from sinking.

It is not to be supposed that the whole of this conversation and these efforts took place without considerable interruptions. Her bodily frame could not have endured them, for she was gasping for breath, and it was necessary to fan her every moment to enable her to breathe at all. Her pulse had sunk almost to the last perceptible feeling,

Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne ;
Rock of ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

and every breath appeared as the last she could draw.

It was about this time that Dr. Pope arrived, and the interest which this kind friend and experienced physician took in the state of my dear daughter's mind, as well as her body, demands my warmest thanks. So far from giving an unseasonable interruption to the solemn transactions which were passing between the parent and his child, he gave them a direct countenance, and deeply sympathized with the mental sufferings of both. He did not, however, forget his proper office ; for though the physical case seemed now almost desperate, yet he availed himself of every means which his skill could devise to sustain his sinking patient, and keep alive the dying spark. Nor were they in vain. Some temporary relief was procured, but it was only to be followed soon after his departure with agonies still more dreadful. Over this scene I must draw a veil, only remarking that for the greater part of an hour what appeared to be the mortal conflict was carrying on in a way that pierced every breast, in every part of the house (for in every part the distressing sounds were heard), with heart-rending grief.

During this period, when the power of utterance was given, she often asked "how long?" She said, "this is the valley." She prayed again and again, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Two of our medical friends were present during this awful period, and, as well as ourselves, supposed that every breath might be the last. The syncope however again partially subsided, but never so as to give us the slightest hope, till towards evening, that she could, at the longest, survive a few hours. She had during this dreadful period, frequently inquired the hour of the day, for the purpose, as she afterwards told me, of ascertaining how long she probably had to live, for she said she had heard it remarked, that the hours of nine, twelve, three, &c. are those on which death usually takes place; and as each of those hours approached she expected the conflict to be over. Her mind, however, was evidently now more composed, and the terror of death was in a great degree removed.

About three o'clock she was so far relieved, as to be able to look without dismay at her approaching dissolution; and as I was standing by her pillow, she desired me (with what emotions I will not attempt to describe, but still, considering

her intense affection for her brothers, with more composure than I could have expected) to give her love to Charles and James (then at Oxford), and then to her nearest relations, mentioning them by name, and afterwards to several of her most intimate friends, whose names she also mentioned. After this she thanked Mr. T. Ives for his kind attentions, and then the friends and servants who stood round her bed, and sent her thanks to those that were absent. A short time after this I observed my dear little boy, her youngest brother, hovering about the chamber door deeply affected at the state of his sister, and apparently wishing to catch a glance of her. I brought him in, and the moment my dear Hannah fixed her eye upon this little brother, whom she exceedingly loved, she exclaimed with the greatest affection, "O my dear Sam, come to me! Kiss me! Be a good boy, and say your prayers. Tit* tenderly loves you. Be sure you be a good boy! *Tit is going to die!*" This was uttered with such exquisite tenderness that the dear boy burst into tears, and

* This was the fond appellation by which my dear Hannah was generally addressed by all the family. She received it from her first brother, who, before he could distinctly say sister, used to call her *Tit*.

could not cease from weeping for several hours. And O how did the last sentence " 'Tis going to die," thrill through the bosom of her parent ! The sound seems still in my ears, and causes unutterable yearnings of heart.

Her dear mother (and happy was it for her) was confined to her bed during the greater part of this awful day in a distant part of the house by one of her violent attacks of the headache, and was kept as much as possible ignorant of the state of her beloved child ; but hearing at length her piercing and convulsive sobs, she hastened to the immediate scene of distress, and was so affected as to be incapable of restraining her poignant grief. When my daughter had a little revived, and saw the affliction of her tender mother, she affectionately requested her to leave the room. Afterwards, thinking this request might seem unkind, she expressed the deepest concern, and said, " O I fear my dearest mother will think, when I requested her to go away, that I did not wish to have her company. O, tell her it was because I grieved to see her distress, that I made the request. If I could seem unkind to such a mother it would be sad indeed !"

As she was now somewhat relieved from her most painful and distressing symptoms, we wished her, if possible, to get a little rest. After a short time, advancing softly to the side of her pillow, I observed her with her hands and her eyes lifted up in earnest prayer, and then she uttered with extreme emphasis and energy, the following couplet of a hymn which I had never before heard :

O ! for a glance of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away !

Her strength would not allow her to proceed, but she was mentally engaged in prayer for a considerable time, and I doubt not was making the complaint, and urging the petition contained in the hymn, which I place at the foot of the page.*

* O for a glance of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake,
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt !

She soon after repeated a line or two of the hymn beginning with

There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains :—

and I again directed her attention to the all-atoning sacrifice, and especially to Jesus Christ, as our great "High Priest, who maketh intercession for us at the right hand of God." I said, "We have not a High Priest, who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but one who having suffered, being tempted, is able to succour them that are tempted." I added, "Do consider, my dear, in what various ways the Scriptures address themselves to us in order to comfort those who, like you, are in deep distress. God has not only bound himself by promise, but confirmed that assurance by oath, that

But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
Do thou apply the Saviour's blood!
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

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by two immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us." Her mind appeared to be comforted by these and similar passages of Scripture, and she repeated after me many of the most striking parts of them, but yet she seemed almost afraid of taking to herself the consolation they offered, lest she should deceive herself. On one occasion when she had been again saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit! I said, "My dear, angels are ready to conduct you to Abraham's bosom. You know they conducted the soul of Lazarus thither." "O yes!" said she, "and I hope they will mine; you think then he will not reject me?" "*Think!* my dear child,—I am *sure* he will not; it is *impossible* he should! There never was an instance and never *will* be, whilst the world continues, of a trembling sinner clinging, as you do, to the Saviour, who was rejected. I could not believe the Scriptures, and should have no hope of salvation myself, if I could doubt of the willingness of God to receive those who come unto him through Jesus Christ, as I am sure you do."

In this and such like language I frequently ad-

dressed my beloved daughter in this her day of sore affliction and distress; and I trust the Holy Spirit, to whom I earnestly looked for aid, carried the consolation I so anxiously desired to her heart. She became towards the close of the day exceedingly tranquil, the bitterness of death seemed to have passed, and a smile of serenity was diffused over her countenance. Her breathing, however, was still most difficult, and though the symptoms were less alarming as threatening instant dissolution, yet there was no change in her malady which could afford us the most distant hope of recovery. Her pulse was scarcely perceptible; it was necessary to continue the fanning incessantly, and one servant relieved another by rubbing her almost senseless extremities through the whole day.

In the night, however, to the astonishment of all around her she began gradually to revive. Her pulse improved, the respiration was less difficult, and she spent a comparatively calm and peaceful night. I did not retire till midnight, and I desired to be called at three in the morning. Never was I more astonished than when, on entering the sick room, my dearest daughter cast her delighted eye upon me, and reached out her

hand, and said with a heavenly smile, "I am better." Mr. Ives of Chertsey, who, as I before mentioned, slept every night under my roof, had been early called up to a distant patient, but before he went he discovered that the leg, which the day before had lost all sensation, was considerably swollen and inflamed. He immediately applied a blister to the part, and said that he had still hopes. The swelling and inflammation continued to increase, till the leg became sensible of pain on the slightest touch. Dr. Pope visited her early in the morning, and after carefully examining all the symptoms, he pronounced that there were sufficient grounds for hope that all might yet succeed according to our wishes; and after giving his judicious directions, he said in his kind way, "I hope we shall still keep thee, and raise thee up again to do more good among thy neighbours."

The disease seemed now to have been transferred from the vitals to the extremities, and the doctor said, "our attention must now be chiefly directed to the leg." This information, it is needless to say, filled us all with unspeakable joy; and it would be almost as difficult to conceive the delight of this day as the awful dark-

ness of that which preceded it. Never shall I forget the angelic countenance of my dear daughter during this happy day. As soon as she saw her mother, she said, "O mother! this is life from the dead," and seemed at a loss for language to express her gratitude and thankfulness. I read some of the most beautiful Psalms to her, and particularly that on the restoration of the Jews from captivity. These words especially were literally fulfilled, and we repeated them over and over again, "Our mouths were filled with laughter, and we were like them that dream." We congratulated each other, we wrote letters to our friends, we thanked God, we knelt around her bed and poured out our hearts before our merciful and compassionate Father, and entreated him to accomplish what he had begun, and again to raise up the object of our ardent affection to health and happiness. The whole soul of my sweet daughter was filled with admiring love and gratitude. The bitterness of death and the pangs of separation now seemed to be over, and we thought there was scarcely any thing remaining for us to do, but to "thank God and take courage." The pulse resumed an almost natural course, the respiration was free, no pain, no head-

ache, nothing but the leg seemed to demand our attention; and though this was exquisitely sensible to the touch, we almost rejoiced in the pain, because it seemed to be the bitter remedy that was to restore the patient to perfect health. During, however, this general exultation I felt, at times, a secret misgiving. Surely, thought I, God has not thus lifted me up to cast me down again; but O! if this *should* be the case, I knew there was sufficient cause for thus humbling me in the dust before him. I saw clearly that I had been idolizing my daughter, and that she had entwined herself round the heart of my dear wife and myself, in a way that we had not suspected. This brought me in private to the throne of grace, to beg, if possible, that my sinful affections might be corrected in some other way than by the loss of my dear child. Still I could not get rid of the words, "thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down again." This feeling was, I trust, mercifully intended to prevent my being exalted above measure; and being thus utterly overwhelmed when the dreadful stroke was to be inflicted.

My dear daughter now expressed her earnest desire to devote herself entirely to the service of

the blessed Saviour. She considered herself as owing not only her creation and salvation to his boundless mercy, but even a sort of resurrection from the dead; and the language of her grateful heart was, "What shall I render unto God for all the mercies he has done unto me?" But here she spake with trembling. "I am so afraid," said she, "lest these impressions should die away, when I am restored to life and health, and I should forget the vows I made in the day of my affliction! O pray for me, that I may be kept from falling and may glorify my heavenly Father." In similar language she expressed herself to her aunt; and among other things said—"O how differently does every thing appear on a death-bed to what it did before!" Her aunt read to her several hymns and psalms, and particularly the 116th and 121st. She begged her to read over again several parts of these psalms, and especially the peculiarly appropriate first nine verses of the 116th.

Having, about noon, a fair opportunity of talking with her a few minutes alone, I asked her some questions on what had passed the previous day; such as, whether she was sensible and collected in the dreadful agony, when her convulsive sobs

pierced the remotest corners of the house? To which she replied, "I was as sensible, as I am at this moment:" and added, "if such be the act of dying, what must *death* be? I had often been afraid of *death*, but never before of *dying*. O what a conflict was that!" Indeed it was a conflict! Well may we pray, in the striking language of our burial service, "Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee." Perhaps not one in ten thousand recovers, as my daughter did, to tell us what these pains are: and unspeakably thankful ought those to be, whose friends pass calmly through the valley of the shadow of death, and who gently fall asleep in Jesus! I next asked her, why it was that she viewed her case in so alarming a light? and why, particularly, she had spoken of herself as a hypocrite? She replied, that during the last winter she had been less in earnest about religion than formerly, that she had gone to the sacrament without preparation, that she had paid more attention to dress than she ought to have done, and that she had read too much of other books, and too little her Bible. These were the overwhelming facts, which filled her with such inexpressible fears, and these were the sins which brought such

dreadful guilt upon her conscience, as to make her case appear to herself to be past hope! O how differently do actions appear on the verge of the grave, in the light of eternity, to what they seem to the gay and careless, in the bloom of youth, and in scenes of pleasure! What self-abasement did this account of my dear daughter's delinquencies occasion in myself! May God Almighty make me more watchful and more diligent in my proper work, and preserve me from laying up materials for an awakened conscience to work upon on a dying pillow! It seems that what the world think *little* things will do this.

The fact is, her habitual self-examination, her scriptural views of the holiness of the Divine nature, and her acute sensibility of conscience induced a similar feeling to that of Job, when he said, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes:" or that of Isaiah, after he had seen "the Lord sitting upon a throne:" "Woe is me! for I am unclean,—for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." I did not, however, attempt to comfort her, by assuring her (contrary to the truth) that there was no cause for humiliation on these ac-

counts; but I again referred her to the same sources of consolation as I had done before, and especially to the unlimited promises of the Gospel, and to the intercession of Jesus Christ for his people, telling her, that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ, the Righteous." In reference to her agonizing fears of death, I told her that she brought most bitterly to my remembrance my sinful neglect in not having taken more opportunities of talking with her on the subject of death, and bringing before her such considerations as were calculated to remove its terrors and make her familiar with it. In her usual strain of self-abasement, she replied, "O father! it was not *you* that have been remiss, but it was *my* backwardness to join in conversation with you, when you have entered on that subject. You have often introduced it, and it was discontinued because I did not freely join in it."

The fact, however, really is, that I had not properly, and at seasonable opportunities, turned the course of conversation to this topic; nor have I the least recollection that it was ever dropped, when it had commenced, from any indisposition on her part to take a share in it. Whatever subject of a religious nature I brought before her, was

always attended to with a respect bordering on reverence ; and if she made but few observations on these occasions, it was because she felt it due to her father implicitly to receive his instructions. It was, however, a sad omission, and bitterly did I lament it, when I saw the distress under which she laboured from mistaken conceptions of her own state, and of what might be the result of her passing out of time into eternity.

In referring to the hymn, which she had repeated with so much feeling and emphasis, I illustrated the expression

Rock of ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

by 'observing, that in the wide and dreary deserts of the East storms and tempests often suddenly arise and threaten the traveller with instant destruction. It may easily, therefore, be conceived with what eagerness he looks 'around him for shelter, and with what haste he betakes himself to the cleft of a rock, if such a refuge should present itself in his impending danger. Such a security is Jesus Christ, when we are brought to see our danger, and cry in our distress, "what must I do to be saved?" The prophet had this in view,

when he said "a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." She exclaimed, "O how beautiful! how beautiful!" She evidently felt that this was exactly her case, and that she could hope for safety in the late tempest of her mind no where but in Jesus Christ. I should have been glad to pursue this delightful conversation further, but I knew that I had already gone to the very verge of prudence, and therefore I left her with a sweet smile of complacency on her countenance, and a heart overflowing with gratitude for the great things which God had done for her. I told her, at the same time, that she must not expect that her malady would leave her without some slight relapses, and that she must not be alarmed if some of its symptoms returned; but that we all now entertained the best hopes of her recovery.

I cannot help here remarking, that her countenance, her manner, and even her tone of her voice were different from what I had ever observed in her before; and, if I may be allowed to say what others thought as well as myself, there was something in her whole aspect almost angelic. The difficulty she found in breathing had occasioned her to throw off her cap; her fine auburn

hair, now in disorder, partly covered her face, her countenance was lightened up with an incessant smile, her languid efforts to assume an air of constant cheerfulness, that we might not suspect there was any thing alarming in her case, added greatly to the effect, and her uninterrupted devotional feelings gave her a peculiar animation, and yet an appearance of gentleness, which were exceedingly affecting. She looked with so much benevolence and tenderness upon all who approached her, and spoke with so much sweetness to every one who had occasion to address her, that all felt themselves as in the presence of a being almost more than mortal. On one or two occasions she felt a propensity to indulge her accustomed playfulness, but she immediately corrected herself, as thinking it unsuitable to her present circumstances; and once, when her aunt, with a view to make the sick room as cheerful as possible, said something or other rather jocosely, she whispered in her ear, in the kindest manner, "I am afraid, my dear aunt, this is not quite seasonable."

In this frame of mind she continued the whole day, but towards the conclusion of it she was evidently not so well. Her respiration was less free, and it became necessary again to fan her and

and to apply the smelling bottle. But the most formidable symptom was the almost instantaneous cessation of pain in her leg. She mentioned this to Mr. T. Ives, who immediately manifested his fears by his dejected countenance. She asked him why he looked so serious; he affected to be surprised at her question, but she instantly perceived that something was wrong, and, as she afterwards told us, she apprehended that a mortification had taken place, and that she should probably have to undergo an amputation of the limb. With this impression on her mind, it is most extraordinary how she maintained her accustomed cheerfulness; for though, at the first discovery, she appeared somewhat cast down, yet she soon resumed her spirits, and seemed to have forgotten that any change for the worse had taken place. The fact is, she was most anxious to prevent her friends feeling any alarm; and when they appeared at all dejected, she assumed a more than ordinary air of ease. She had also a mind, though naturally timid, capable of being wrought up to a very high pitch of courage, when the emergency called for it; and I have not the least doubt that, had her suspicions of a mortification been well grounded, and an operation

been deemed necessary, she would have submitted to it without a murmur, and have still smiled on her agitated friends.

Her medicine was now changed, and a few drops of laudanum, for the first time, were given with each dose. This occasioned her to sleep, at intervals, the greater part of the night, and her pulse evidently improved. On Thursday she continued considerably better. The swelling and inflammation in her leg again increased; and it was thought that, if there were strength enough left in her constitution, the disease might still be thrown off. It was deemed proper to keep her as quiet as possible during this day, that her little remaining strength might not be uselessly expended: and Mr. Ives said to her, "I am afraid, Miss Jerram, you talked rather too much yesterday: you must be as still as possible to-day, and not talk at all." "*That*, Mr. Ives," she said, in her playful way, "is a hard task; where there are *ladies*, you know they *must* talk." She was, however, kept quiet, and very little was said to or heard from her, except what was connected with her food and medicine. But she still maintained her accustomed cheerfulness, and gave many intimations that she was no longer harassed with

fears. Those who were constantly standing by her bed, observed that she was much engaged in mental prayer, from the closing of her hands and the lifting up of her eyes. Occasional petitions were heard, and they all bespoke the same humility and entire dependence on God for grace to keep her from falling, if she should again be restored to health.

At no time, since serious danger had been apprehended, were our hopes of recovery more sanguine than during the greater part of this day. Every thing seemed to proceed as her medical attendants could wish. The pulse was good, the respiration comparatively easy, the mind tranquil, and she enjoyed some apparently refreshing sleep. She did, indeed, once or twice, on awaking, show a momentary wandering of mind, but this was ascribed to the effect of laudanum, a small portion of which she took in each of her doses of medicine. On one of these occasions I was standing by her pillow when she awoke; and, throwing back her hair, she said, "It is time to go down." I said, "Whither, my dear?" "O dear," she said, with a smile at her own confusion of mind, "I must recollect myself. I thought it was time to go down to prayers." Towards

the conclusion, however, of this day the symptoms again became unfavourable ; the pain left her leg, and she said it seemed as if it did not belong to her. She thought her extremities were dying, and that the other foot was losing its sensation ; and I have reason to believe that from this time she gave up the hope of recovery. Her remarks to her aunt and Mrs. Roland (a kind neighbour, whom my daughter much esteemed, and who was very much with her during the last few days of her illness) plainly showed that she apprehended death was very near. She put out her hands and pointed to the nails, as indicating to her mind that her dissolution was now commencing, and mentioned other things which seemed to put the matter, in her opinion, beyond all reasonable doubt. I allude to these minute circumstances, merely for the purpose of showing that her future tranquillity and undisturbed repose of mind did not arise from the flattering hope of ultimate recovery ; but from a settled confidence in the safety of her case, and a firm hope of a happy immortality.

In the evening of this day it was thought necessary, from the length of time in which she had lain in one position, to remove her to another

part of the bed, and to adjust the clothes around her; and in making this attempt, her extreme weakness became so apparent, as to leave no one in doubt what must very soon be the issue. It required two persons nearly two hours to accomplish a small portion of the intended arrangement. The slightest motion affected her with the sensation of dying. She frequently whispered (for now she could only whisper, and that in broken accents) "Never mind—it is of no consequence: I am going! now I am going!" I saw her after this effort; but did not speak, as her strength was completely exhausted. There continued, however, the same cheerful smile on her countenance; and she afterwards took some interest in, and gave some directions about the arrangements that were necessary for the night. A slight cough came on at times, and she evidently had not sufficient strength to expectorate. During the night she dozed a little, but got no refreshing rest. Every thing was now carried on by signs or the gentlest whisper. It was necessary almost incessantly to use the fan, to keep breath in her.

But not a single indication of impatience or uneasiness appeared. She was composed and placid, and evidently had her mind at rest. She

said to her mother, who took her turn in waiting at the bed of her dying daughter at three o'clock on Friday morning, "I am not afraid;" and after a pause added, "O mother! I have many things I wish to say. I long to talk to you, but I have not strength." Soon after, she said, "I have no pain—none whatever; but I feel such an indescribable languor and sinking." Her mother, perceiving the effort which a single word required, requested her to make a sign, by lifting up her hand, when she had occasion for any thing; but this seemed to her, even in her state of complete exhaustion, to be inconsistent with that respect which she owed to her affectionate parent, and she exclaimed, "O mother, that would be shocking."

Her stomach now, for the first time, began to loathe her medicine, and she was with difficulty persuaded to take it. Her mother, thinking it of the last importance that this should not be discontinued, and that Mr. Ives would more easily prevail upon her to take it than she could, called him out of the adjoining chamber, where, as usual, he was sleeping in his clothes. On his appearance, my beloved daughter was much grieved that her reluctance to take the medicine should

have caused his rest to be disturbed, and immediately took it, though it evidently caused great nausea.

When I approached the bed, about seven in the morning, she fixed her eyes upon me, and with a heavenly smile upon her countenance, she said, "I am not alarmed!" Sweet creature! but how was thy afflicted parent alarmed! He saw thee sinking gradually into the arms of death, and his soul was melted within him. He withdrew and laid his case before Him "who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and intreated that, since "the cup might not pass from him," he might at length be able to say, "not my will but thine be done."

In the course of this morning, I went several times into the sick room, but placed myself, as much as possible, out of her view, lest the sight of my agitated countenance should disturb her repose. She continued to doze a considerable part of the morning; but took, at intervals, small quantities of egg mixed in brandy. I left her room about two o'clock; and, after being absent a short time, sent a message to request that, if my name should be mentioned, I might be immediately informed. Soon after I retired, she asked one of her kind

attendants, what o'clock it was; and was answered, "twenty minutes past two." She directly repeated, —looking at her aunt, "twenty minutes past two!" In a short time after she said "It is now half-past,—it will soon be three. Where is my father? He has not been lately in the room. And my dear mother?" I was immediately sent for. On approaching her bedside, she asked, "is the doctor coming?" I replied, I hoped he would soon be here. I then perceived that her dissolution was at hand; a cold sweat bedewed her countenance, her pulse was scarcely perceptible, and every thing indicated that death was silently performing his last office. Her dear aunt was constantly employed in sponging her forehead with an aromatic; and the grateful creature kept testifying by signs her thankfulness for the refreshment it afforded her. I could no longer restrain my agonized feelings, and I fear I must have disturbed her repose at a moment when it was peculiarly desirable that all should be still, and correspondent with the awful event which was taking place. I endeavoured however, with as much self-command as I was master of, to direct her mind to the Saviour. I reminded her of the brazen serpent, I said she was just within reach of the haven of rest, I

told her that angels were waiting to conduct her soul to Abraham's bosom ! that in a few moments she would be beyond the reach of pain, and sorrow, and danger, and that she was about to be welcomed into the realms of everlasting light and blessedness. I exhorted her to put her whole confidence in the atoning sacrifice, and assured her that all would soon be well. She then made an effort to speak ; her aunt applied her ear to her lips, and received her last words, " I have no other hope ! " In about three minutes she breathed her last, without a struggle or a sigh, and passed from this vale of tears to stand " before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and she shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on her, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed her, and shall lead her unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes." I approached her pillow, and kissed her beloved cheek, moist with the dews of death, and closed her eyes ! Sweet child ! How beautiful was thy countenance, even after the spirit had fled ! It seemed to reflect a heavenly peace and to assure us " all is well ! " As her face had always beamed with delight upon us whilst living,

so also in death it retained its accustomed smile : and as long as it was proper to gaze on her mortal remains, we were saluted with as sweet an aspect as death deprived of his sting ever left on the countenance of the triumphant Christian : it seemed to say, " Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory ! "

She died at half past three o'clock on Friday, the ninth of May, after she had just entered her twenty-fourth year. As my dear wife and two of the highly valued friends of my beloved daughter had joined with me in earnest prayer about half an hour before her death, that the Father of mercies would graciously support her in her last conflict, and grant her an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom,—a prayer which I doubt not he mercifully answered ; so we again retired and humbly implored him to reconcile our minds to this sore visitation, to bow our wills in submission to his, to be with us in this furnace of affliction, to enable us to glorify him in the fire, and to sanctify the dispensation to our everlasting welfare. These prayers have, I trust, also been answered ; for though the fountain of our tears seems inexhaustible, yet we have not been suffered to " charge God foolishly," nor to contest

with him his right to dispose both of us and ours "as seemeth best to his godly wisdom." "All we are sure is well" with our dear daughter; and though our minds, in fond recollections, are constantly recurring to the beloved object; and the current of our affections, which has been flowing with a strong and constantly increasing tide in this channel for three and twenty years, has hitherto refused to take any other direction, yet ours is not a sorrow which has no hope, and it is not, I humbly trust, mixed with any portion of fretfulness and repining. Whether the wound will be ever completely healed on this side the grave I cannot as yet see; certain it is, that though I write this part of the memoir at the distance of five months from the departure of my beloved child, it still appears as far from being closed as it was at first, and we feel an instinctive propensity to get alone and indulge our sorrows; yet our grief is not without its *present* advantages, and I trust it will "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Our minds naturally turn to the happy abode of our beloved child, and we acquire somewhat of the habit of contemplating the employments as well as the felicity of that blessed kingdom. Nor can we reflect on our

dear daughter deriving her constant and transcendent joys from the overflowing kindness of the adorable Saviour, without feeling our hearts more strongly united to him than ever, and desiring to know more of him, that we may enjoy still richer communications of his grace. It affords us a high gratification to think that we shall soon be transformed "into his likeness, for we shall see him as he is;" and that "our vile body will, ere long, be fashioned like unto his glorious body;" and we shall "be for ever with the Lord." In the mean time, it is no small honour and happiness to have trained up our daughter as "a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." She was, it is true, taken from us when full of bloom, and promising the choicest fruit; but then she has been safely transferred from an ungenial clime, where she would have been exposed to many a chilling blast and deadly blight, to the paradise of God, where she is sheltered from every storm, and will blossom in unfading beauty, and bring forth fruit through everlasting ages. If she has been cut off in the midst of her days, yet she has reached the resting-place of the saints without bearing much of "the heat and burden of the day;" and were the choice now given her, she

would not exchange her present society, employments, joys, and prospects, for the cares, and sorrows, and dangers, and mortal conflict, which are inseparably connected with the most favoured condition of human life. As we "shall go to her, but she will not return to us," be it our concern daily to ascend to that happy world in affection, and to become "meet to be partakers with the saints in light."

A few hours after the death of our daughter we opened the pocket Bible which had been her constant companion, and found on a blank leaf the following admonitory and most seasonable lines, which she seemed to have recently copied with a pencil :—

With peaceful mind thy path of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But what thou wouldst thyself, couldst thou but see
Through all events of things as well as He.

I need not mention in what way they affected us. Our beloved daughter seemed to speak to us from her exalted state of glory and felicity, and with a capacity vastly enlarged, and views extending far beyond those of mortals, to assure us that every thing had taken place just as she could

have wished ; and that we also, as soon as we could see all the links in the chain which connects earth and heaven, should fully approve of this dispensation of Divine Providence ; in the mean time that we had appropriate duties to perform, and ought not to suffer grief to unfit us for their due discharge. The lesson, I trust, has not been lost upon us.

When the tidings of our affliction reached our dear friend Mr. Wilson, he was entering on his Sunday's duty at St. John's, and so greatly was he affected by it, that after his sermon he announced it to his congregation, and gave notice of his intention to improve the event by preaching a sermon to the young on the following Sunday evening. In the meantime, knowing his great affection and esteem for my dear child, and the deep interest he would take in our grievous privation, I wrote to request him to address my own congregation on the day of her interment. This task, painful as it was, he most kindly undertook ; but when he ascended the pulpit so much were his feelings overcome, that it was long before he could pronounce his text, and apprehensions were entertained that he would not be able to proceed. With much difficulty he at length commenced,

but at every attempt to speak of my beloved child his voice was stifled, and he ultimately found it necessary to say that he could not approach that subject. The sympathy, I need not add, was general, and probably a stronger impression was thus made on the audience than if he had been able with his usual energy to say all that his full heart would have dictated. His discourse was founded on the words of David to Jonathan, in the first of Samuel, xx. 3, "Truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

On the Sunday following, I understand, he addressed a very crowded audience at St. John's on the same words; and there, having less excitement from peculiar circumstances and surrounding objects, he was not prevented by his affectionate feelings from urging with great effect the importance of early religion, and an habitual preparation for the approach of death. It affords me no common gratification to record these proofs of my dear friend's tender regard for my beloved daughter, not only as they show the opinion entertained of her by one who is capable of estimating her character, but especially as they are

connected with the persuasion that many young persons have been profited by her death.

It seems to be one of the designs of Divine Providence in suddenly and prematurely removing individuals from this world to arrest the attention of the living, and when any persons who are likely to engage a more than common share of public interest, either by the time and manner of their death, or by their talent and station in life, are "cut off from the land of the living," it seems to lay an obligation on those who "watch for souls," to make the suitable improvement of the dispensation. It is with this object chiefly in view, that I have been offering this Tribute of Parental Affection to my only and beloved daughter. I found it, indeed, peculiarly gratifying to my present state of mind, to refresh my recollection with the principal occurrences of the life and death of a daughter so exceedingly dear to us; and to record them in such a way as to afford an opportunity of renewing the impression, when, from distance of time and later engagements, it might be expected that her beloved image would become less vivid and familiar. Nor will I deny that it has afforded me a refined pleasure

to have such an opportunity of procuring for the memory of my child a place in the esteem and affection of "the excellent of the earth." But I could not have reconciled it with my sense of duty, to make these the ultimate, nor even the principal object of this little work. I have constantly had before me a more appropriate and important aim. I have wished to engraft instruction on the various incidents which I have had to record, and to take advantage of the sympathy which I am persuaded my narrative will have excited, especially among the young, by turning the affections into a right channel, and directing the mind to the noblest pursuits; and happy, indeed, shall I think myself if this Tribute of Affection to my dear Hannah become the vehicle of spiritual blessings to a single individual. I can conceive of nothing that would be more gratifying than a result like this to the feelings of the subject of this memoir, if we may be allowed to suppose, and I do not see why we may not, that the "spirits of the just" take an interest in the affairs of this lower world. She would be content, I am persuaded, again to pass through the dreadful terrors of the valley of death, could she be made the instrument of essential and spiritual benefit to

one immortal being. It was the first wish of her heart while living to do good, and her countenance would have beamed with inexpressible delight when lying on the bed of death, could she have anticipated that the narration of the fear through which she had passed would be the means of awakening the attention of others to prepare for the awful conflict. This subject is of such importance that I trust I may be excused if I still dwell upon it, and avail myself of this narrative to make a serious and affectionate ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG *on the importance of immediately taking a decided part in an affair of everlasting moment.*

SUFFER me then, my young friends, to remind you that *the salvation of your soul is, of all concerns in the world, the most important.* WHAT IS THE SOUL? *What are its capacities?—What its destiny?* WHAT IS THE BODY? *What is the measure of its enjoyments? and what is its duration?* Each of these questions is pregnant with reflections of overwhelming magnitude.—Stretch imagination to its utmost limit and it will fall infinitely short of the reality. *Compare these component parts of man with each other.* The one allies you with the “spirits of the just,” with angels, with God himself; the other you have in common with the “beasts that perish.” The *soul* is capable of unlimited attainments in knowledge, is susceptible of the most exquisite pleasures, and is a fit associate for the most exalted and spiritual beings. What has the *body*—earthly, sensual, and grovelling—to put in competition with these? Follow the *soul* into its residence in the future world. Connect it with everlasting ages, view it as surviving “the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,” and as measuring its duration with the eternal God! Look at the *body* in the dark and dismal receptacles

of the dead, saying "to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister!" *Weigh the two in a balance;* and connect with them earth and heaven. Put "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," into one scale; and a crown of glory, and an imperishable inheritance, and an everlasting kingdom, and joys that are eternal, and employments that engage and ennoble angels, and the full vision of the glorified Saviour, and the fruition of God, into the other, and you will have a grain of dust in one, and the universe in the other!

Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory! worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze:
Ten thousand add, add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation, poor.

Now permit me, my young friend, seriously to ask you to which of these have you hitherto paid your chief attention? Which do you first think of when you wake in the morning? Which excites the greater anxiety through the day? and which makes the last impression when you repose

at night upon your pillow? Oh! to what sad reflections would questions like these give birth! Yet let me entreat you, weigh them. They may, at first, alarm you; but if they induce you, as I trust they will, to form a due estimate of the soul, they may lead to the commencement of a course of conduct which will issue in your happiness, both in the present life and in the world to come.

When your mind is suitably impressed with the value of the treasure you possess, your next concern will be *to secure it from danger*. The merchant who carries about with him precious gems, exercises an almost sleepless vigilance that he may not lose them; and if hitherto you have been fearless of danger, your repose must have arisen from your ignorance that *you* also possess a "pearl of great price," and may in a moment be deprived of it. Indulge no longer in this thoughtless security. You are, whether you are aware of it or not, on the precipice of ruin. "Sin has brought death into the world," and "all are sinners." The sentence of condemnation is already pronounced, and may immediately be executed. Is it not then high time to awake out of sleep? Should you not inquire, "What must

I do to be saved?" In what way may the awful sentence be reversed? How may I escape "the wrath to come?" Is there any hope? These and similar questions will prepare you to receive "the glad tidings of salvation," and cause you to rejoice in Christ Jesus the Saviour.

It is to this compassionate friend of sinners that I would now affectionately bespeak your attention. Scriptural views of his person and office, reliance upon his merits, and a conformity to his will, are of the last importance, the very turning point of salvation. You have seen in the case of my dear daughter, that nothing could calm her agitated mind, but considerations drawn from the cross of Christ. This was her sheet-anchor; and when she was enabled to avail herself of this, her fear subsided—the bitterness of death passed away—and she contemplated the awful prospect which opened before her with composure.

You will also doubtless have observed, that Jesus Christ is the sum and substance of the Holy Scriptures. He was the subject of the first promise, and the only stay and comfort of our desponding parents when driven out of paradise. The patriarchs foresaw his day and were glad,

and considered him as "the seed in whom all nations should be blessed." He was typified by sacrifices, foretold by prophets, and sung by poets. He is the grand subject which the sacred historians had ever uppermost in their minds, when narrating the events which had taken place since the creation of the world, down to his birth. There were at different periods great kingdoms, mighty conquerors, and important revolutions; but they were of no other importance, in the estimate of writers under the influence of divine inspiration, than as they had a reference to the kingdom of Christ; and they are taken up in the course of the narrative, and laid aside, just as they happen to bear on the one great object of divine revelation.

In *the New Testament* every thing bears testimony to the fact of "the decree having gone forth, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." His stupendous condescension in taking upon him human nature, was announced by angels, his mission was established by proof of his omnipotence in suspending and changing the laws of nature. He gave eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, ears to the deaf,

and life to the dead. He stilled the raging of the sea, and triumphed over the powers of darkness. Creation sympathized in his sufferings and death; for the sun was darkened, and the earth shook, and the dead were raised. His ascension to the right hand of the Majesty on high was witnessed by men and angels, and now he has taken possession of the throne of his glory, he presides over the affairs both of earth and heaven, and, sitting as "the Lamb in the midst of the throne," he receives the homage of the vast multitude, who "have washed their robes, and made them white in his blood."

In the Acts and Letters of the Apostles, every thing is calculated to raise our admiration of his character, and to show us the unspeakable importance of embracing his gospel. In his person he is said to be precious; in his grace, his riches are unsearchable. To the Christian he is "All and in all;" he is "made of God to him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." In having Christ, he possesses the riches of both worlds, for "all things," says the apostle, "are yours; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." He is their guide and comforter, their sun and shield, their friend and advocate. He supports

them under their earthly conflicts, gives them the victory over death, and "administers unto them abundantly an entrance into his everlasting kingdom." He will finally "judge the world in righteousness," and fix the eternal destinies of the assembled millions, who have appeared on the earth from the creation of Adam to the last of his descendants. In short, he is "the Alpha and Omega;" he has "the keys of death and of hell;" he carries on "his vesture and his thigh his name written, King of kings and Lord of lords;" and the whole world must either touch his sceptre and live, or be broken to pieces by the rod of his vengeance.

Now, my young friend, why have I given this outline of the character and glory of the blessed Redeemer? With a view to show you that he is no secondary object, and cannot be served with a subordinate homage. He has the first place in heaven and earth, and he must have the predominance in your heart and affection. He is the fountain of life, and you must derive your spiritual existence from him. He has purchased pardon for sin by his death upon the cross, and you can obtain reconciliation only through his blood. He dispenses grace and salvation to the humble

and penitent; and you can neither be holy nor happy but by an union with him. If you make a mistake here, the error will be fatal; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Bear in mind, then, that coming to Christ is the first step to Christianity, abiding in him is its highest perfection, and dwelling in his presence for ever is the consummation of all our hopes, and the fruition of all possible blessedness. Is this exhibition of the Saviour consistent with scriptural documents? You must acknowledge it is. Does it correspond with what you observe in the majority of those who profess his religion? or with what you hear respecting him in their casual conversation on the subject? If not, what is the practical lesson? Obviously, that you must "come out from amongst them." However painful singularity may be, you must submit to the cross, unless you are determined to relinquish the crown. You know who has said, "wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; while strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Besides, are you not struck with the *extreme*

danger of making light of that which God has stamped with the seal of heaven, as being the only thing in the world of real importance? Reflect for one moment on these facts. The Author of the Gospel is no less a personage than the Son of God. He was "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person." "He created all things that are in Heaven and that are on earth, visible and invisible; whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him and for him."

This divine personage "laid aside the glory which he had with the Father; made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and suffered death upon the cross." He broke the power of death and the grave, and ascended in triumph into heaven; and there he holds the reins of government, as the head and representative of his church. He has sent the Holy Spirit, the third person in the divine Trinity, to enlighten, sanctify, and bless the world. He has established in heaven itself an order of things directly subservient to the same grand object of saving the ruined race of man. Angels are appointed ministering spirits to the

heirs of salvation, and rejoice when a sinner repenteth : they desire to look into these mysteries of redemption, and view them as displaying the wisdom and grace of the Father in a light in which they had never before seen them, and to an extent which baffles their vast conceptions ; and the whole system of the universe is regulated in reference to the grand scheme of glorifying God by this method of saving man : and now let me ask you *whether there be no danger in “ neglecting this great salvation ;”* in throwing back all these favours, and in pouring contempt on this display of divine wisdom, and power, and goodness ? And when you admit this danger, next consider the *greatness* of it.

What, let me ask you, is comprehended in the loss of heaven and the torments of hell ? Endeavour to measure the distance between these different abodes, and to learn what is going on in that prison house, and in those eternal mansions. But here imagination fails ; for who can conceive what is transacting within those dark regions on the entrance of which is written NO HOPE !—or what mind can grasp all that is comprehended in “ AN EXCEEDING AND ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY ? ” And yet every thing contained in these

opposite extremes, and all that lies between them is involved in your receiving or rejecting the Gospel ! Pause here for a moment. Before you consent to hazard the loss of heaven, and incur the dreadful penalty of sin, I beseech you fall upon your knees, and beg of God to enable you to make a decision, of which you will not have fruitlessly to repent through everlasting ages !

Yes—you must come to a *decision*. “You cannot serve God and Mammon.” It is impossible to walk in the way of life and of death at the same time. Which, then, of these paths is it your intention to pursue ? You say, and say rightly, the question admits but of one answer ; for “who can dwell with everlasting burnings, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched ?” But I ask you again, *when* is it your intention to commence the course which wisdom and conscience point out as the only safe one ? I know what is passing in your mind : you say, “Very soon ;—but not yet : a more convenient season is at hand, and then”—and then, what ? Why, you will have lost the present impression—your heart will be “hardened through the deceitfulness of sin—you will be like the multitude around you, who formerly waited, it is probable, as you now do, for a more suitable

opportunity, and who have fallen asleep on the precipice of destruction, never to be awakened, it is to be feared, till they are precipitated into the gulf below ! O, my young friend, I beseech you hesitate not a moment ! Heaven and hell hang on the breath you are now drawing ! Put off the affair till to-morrow, and the soul may be irretrievably lost ! Think on the premature summons of my dear daughter. Had she, like you, postponed the great affair, where had she been *now* ? “ *To-day*, then, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart. *Now* is the accepted time ; *now* is the day of salvation.”

But why should you *wish* to procrastinate the affair ? What is there so forbidding in the aspect of true piety ? Are you afraid of having your sins forgiven ? Do you dread being reconciled to God ? Will it give you pain to have a mind at ease ? Will it destroy your freedom to be rescued from the powers of darkness, and brought into the liberty of the children of God ? Are the burdens of life so light, that you are unwilling to cast them on the Saviour ? Is the journey through this wilderness so safe and pleasant, that you need neither a guide nor protector ? Is the passage

through the valley of the shadow of death so cheerful, that you can dispense with the presence and assistance of him who has the power over death and the keys of everlasting life? You think, then, it should seem, that well-regulated passions, the purest and most refined emotions of the soul, the pursuit of the most noble and glorious objects, the enjoyment of the most rational pleasures, the hope of the most transcendent felicity, the friendship of the best of beings, the society of the most exalted intelligences, the inheritance of imperishable riches, the wearing of an unfading crown, the possession of eternal mansions, and an everlasting duration of consummate happiness, are evils which it is wise to put off till the latest possible point of safety! and that it is a blessing pre-eminently to be desired to wear the yoke of sin, to perform the drudgery of Satan, to be a slave of passion, to cherish a tormenting conscience, to defeat the purposes of creation, to trample on the blessings of salvation, to spurn the treasures of heaven, to be a blank or a blot in the universe, to the very extremity of divine forbearance!—May God, in his compassion, show you your infatuation?—Can the thought of procrastination, even for a single moment, come from any other source than the

prince of darkness? O, my young friend, I beseech you, open your eyes to your real state and condition! Suffer the enemy no longer to darken your understanding, and to deceive you with shadows. Be persuaded that an immediate decision to devote yourself, body, and soul, and spirit, to the service of God, in the Gospel of his Son, is as essential to your present pleasure as it is to your future welfare; that "godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come." Wisdom and religion are one and the same thing; and "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." O then, come without a moment's further delay to him who waits to be gracious, and who will be a never-failing source of the richest enjoyments. Let him be the centre to which your best affections may continually tend, and moving around him like the planetary orbs about the grand luminary which diffuses his light and heat on every portion of matter that feels his influence and pays him homage, he will guide you safely in your course, and beautify and fructify you by his rays and genial warmth.

I most affectionately, therefore, entreat you, in conclusion, to seek from the present moment

the blessings of salvation. *Detach yourself from a vain world and frivolous pursuits.* You have a great work to perform, and not a moment to lose. You have a race to run, and you must "gird up the loins of your mind." You have a victory to achieve, and you must "put on the whole armour of God," and "fight the good fight." The world will endeavour to divert you from your object, and to paralyze your zeal. At one time it will display its seducing enchantments, and at another make an array of the most formidable difficulties. But, whether it smile or frown, you must remember that it is your *enemy*, and that it will admit of no compromise with Christian principles. The Scriptures draw a broad line between the votaries of this world and the servants of the Most High. They declare unequivocally, that "he that is the friend of the world is the enemy of God:" and the blessed author of our religion has not only assured us, that because he has "chosen us out of the world, the world will therefore hate us;" but he has exemplified, in his insulted life and ignominious death, the treatment which may be expected from a faithful perseverance in our allegiance to him; for if they did "such things in a green tree, what will they not do

in the dry?" You must then "go without the camp, and bear the reproach of the cross," and "thus declare plainly that you seek a country."

My next advice is, *seek divine assistance, by continual and earnest prayer*. Your first attempts to detach yourself from former pleasures and pursuits will convince you that sin has impaired your spiritual strength, far beyond what you had formerly supposed. Frequently defeated in the conflict with corrupt nature, and discouraged by repeated ineffectual efforts to "walk in newness of life," you will at length perceive your need of divine aid in the arduous enterprise. Hence you will be often brought upon your knees to supplicate the aid of Him, "who is mighty to save," and who has promised to "do exceedingly abundantly for us, above all that we can ask or even think." It is in this way that you will at length discover, that though "without Christ you can do nothing," yet "you can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth you." But in all your addresses to the throne of divine grace, you must bear in mind, that "no man cometh to the Father but by Jesus Christ," and that it is for his sake alone that we obtain spiritual blessings. "Ask then in his

name, and it shall be given; seek, and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Let me finally urge upon you to *read the word of God daily, and to treasure its sacred contents in your memory*. Make yourself especially acquainted with such passages^a as set forth the origin,^b the nature,^c the extent,^d the guilt and condemnation^e of sin; which exhibit the wretchedness, the helplessness, and the ruin of man;^f the goodness, forbearance, condescension, and mercy of the ever-blessed God;^g his boundless love in providing for our salvation, and giving his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.^h

^a Consult the following passages.

^b Gen. iii. Rom. v. 12.

^c Matt. xv. 19. Gal. v. 19—21.

^d Gen. vi. 5. Jer. xvii. 9. Ps. xiv. 1—3. Rom. i. 21—32, iii. 9—19, v. 12—21.

^e Eph. ii. 3. Rom. i. 18. Gen. ii. 17. Mark xvi. 16. Gal. iii. 10. James ii. 10, 11.

^f Gen. ii. 17—19, iv. 11—14, the whole of vii. and xix. Ps. ix. 17, xi. 9. Mark ix. 44, 46, 48. Matt. xxv. 41, 46. Rom. ii. 8, 9. Rev. xiv. 10, 11.

^g Gen. xviii. 23—32. Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7. Isa. i. 18, lxvi. 2. Jer. xxxi. 18—20. Hos. xi. 8, xiii. 9. Matt. xxiii. 37. Luke xix. 41, 42. Rom. ii. 4. Eph. ii. 4—7.

^h Isa. liii. Luke ii. 11. John iii. 14—17. Rom. iii. 24, 25,

Familiarise yourself with the person, character, and offices of our Lord Jesus Christ.ⁱ Think often and devoutly of his atoning sacrifice,^k of his resurrection from the dead,^l of his session at the right hand of God,^m and of his being made "head over all things for the Church, which is his body," presiding over principalities and powers, and exercising authority over heaven, earth, and hell.ⁿ Above all, contemplate the freeness and fulness of his salvation, his love for his people, the provision he has made for their holiness and happiness, and the inheritance he has laid up for those who, by "patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honour, and immortality."^o Mark with particular attention such passages as set forth the operations of the Holy Spirit in enlightening

v. 7—10, viii. 32. 2 Cor. v. 18—21, viii. 9. Gal. iii. 13. 1 John iii. 1, iv. 8—10.

ⁱ Isa. ix. 6. John i. 1, 14, xx. 28. Phil. ii. 6—11. Col. i. 15—19. 1 Tim. iii. 16. Heb. i. 1—9. 1 Tim. i. 15.

^k See the passages referred to in Note h

^l John xx. 24—29. Acts xiii. 20—37. 1 Cor. xv. 3—7, 12—21.

^m Luke xxiv. 50, 51. Acts i. 9—11. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

ⁿ John v. 22. Phil. ii. 9—11. Col. i. 15—20. Eph. i. 22, Rev. iii. 7.

^o The passages already cited, and innumerable others.

the understanding, sanctifying the heart, comforting in sorrow, guiding in difficulty, and gradually rendering the Christian meet for the kingdom of heaven.^p Suffer the mind to dwell with all the intenseness which the magnitude of the subject is capable of exciting, on those passages which relate to death and judgment, heaven and hell, and these will render unspeakably interesting such portions of the sacred oracles as are adapted to prepare you for the last great conflict, and point out the way in which you may secure the imperishable inheritance and the incorruptible crown.

The three rules, then, which I entreat you particularly to attend to are—*Separate yourself from a vain and sinful world. Be earnest and constant in prayer. Read the Holy Scriptures daily, and with the greatest attention.* If you attend to these three directions I think your salvation will be sure ; if you disregard them, I know not how you can be saved.

I would add, in conclusion, make the “ excellent of the earth ” your companions, and consult the wise and pious in all your spiritual difficulties.

^p John xiv. 16, 17, 26, xv. 26, xvi. 7—14. 1 Cor. ii. 10—14. vi. 11. Eph. iv. 30.

Set out *and do it immediately*, in the way to the kingdom of God. Never look back, but "press onward towards the mark for the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus," and soon shall you "receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." And should you, like my dearest child, be cut off in the midst of your days, in the bloom of beauty, and in the vigour of life, like her you will be received into Abraham's bosom, and everlasting habitations ; and your parents and friends, like those of my beloved daughter, will mourn indeed over your grave, with a grief that is lavish of its tears, and with yearnings of heart that are unutterable, but not with a sorrow that is destitute of hope ; nor will they sink with dismay under the dreadful foreboding that the separation will be eternal.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH
OF
CHARLES STANGER JERRAM.

My son was taken seriously ill on Friday night, the 18th of September. Previous to that time he had been far from well, and the day before I had requested a medical friend to write to an eminent physician in London, to request him to give us an audience early in the following week, and to subject my son's state of health to a very minute examination. His attack was a morbid secretion of bile, which terminated in an inflammation, and ultimate suppuration of the liver. At first no apprehensions were entertained for the result, and it was not till the morning preceding his death, and a week after the commencement of his illness,

that we felt any serious alarm. It is true that, from the first, the nausea and vomiting with which his disease was attended, prevented the use of such active medicines as his case seemed to require; yet it was thought that the malady would yield, though not quite so soon, to such remedies as his stomach would receive. During the first four or five days, therefore, we all indulged the hope of soon seeing him better, and returning to convalescence with a fairer prospect of enjoying sounder health than he had done for two or three previous years.

During this time I said but little to him on the subject of religion, fearing that he might consider conversation of this nature as an intimation that we thought him in danger, and knowing also that this was not an affair which he had thoughtlessly neglected. I did, however, now and then drop a hint and prayed with him once or twice. I asked him at the commencement of his illness whether, upon the whole, his mind was uneasy or composed when he reflected upon the relation in which he stood to God. He replied with much feeling, that he felt rather composed, and seemed to entertain no alarm on this subject. I mention this, because the result shows that his reply ori-

ginated in a well-grounded hope of salvation through Jesus Christ; for he never, so far as I can learn, during the whole of his illness, expressed a single fear or doubt of his acceptance with God.

Being under the necessity of going to Town on Thursday the 23rd, and being assured by one of his medical attendants that there was no apparent cause for expecting an unfavourable termination of his malady, I spoke to my son of my intention, and asked him a few questions on the state of his mind. He said his faith and entire confidence were placed on Jesus Christ, and he asked me, as I *then* thought, to pray *for* him, though it afterwards appeared that he meant I should pray *with* him. After he found I was gone, he expressed much uneasiness, and was particularly grieved that I had not prayed with him. This, indeed, I should have done, notwithstanding my mistaking his request, had I not been afraid lest under the circumstance of my going away for that and the following day, it might be too much for his feelings. I regret, however, the omission, and I hope I shall hereafter think less of momentary emotions, and take the opportunity, when it occurs, of discharging every christian duty.

On the Thursday evening his disease assumed somewhat of an alarming aspect, and he became exceedingly anxious for my return. On Friday morning he was much relieved, and all were sanguine that he would soon be restored to health. On my return in the evening of that day, he was overjoyed to see me. He took my hand between both his, and embraced it with much affection, expressing the pleasure he felt at my arrival. On my explaining the mistake which had occurred about praying with him, I put some general questions to him, and he manifested the same confidence in the Saviour as he had done from the first. On my praying with him he was much affected, and thanked me most tenderly. About eight o'clock I again said, "I hope my dear Charles that you will still recover, but if not, Jesus Christ is a blessed Saviour, and if you look to him he will support you." He replied with great earnestness, "O yes, I know he will, but I can scarcely get my breath;" this he said that I might see the reason why he spoke no more on this subject.

About four o'clock on Saturday morning I was called up, and informed that he was considerably worse. When I approached his bedside, I found

him labouring under extreme difficulty of breathing, and the pulse and other symptoms convinced me that his case was one of extreme danger. On his medical attendant being sent for, he confirmed my opinion, and from this moment I entertained no hope of his recovery. I then thought it right to apprise him of his situation, and to prepare his mind, as well as my own agitated feelings would allow, for the event. He received the intelligence without any apparent alarm, and intimated that he was not surprised at the information, but had himself suspected that his case was dangerous. From this time till that of his death I scarcely ever left his bedside. Indeed, if I were absent for a moment, he immediately inquired, "where is my father?" and seemed uneasy till he saw me return. At one time, when I had been directing his views to the all-sufficiency of the Saviour, and said, "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him," he replied with emphasis, "Yes, and he is also *willing* to save;" and on my adding, "O yes, he is indeed willing to save, and that the greatest of sinners," he rejoined, "if it were not so what must become of such poor wretched sinners as we are?" He then said, if it should please God to restore him to health, he trusted he should

be more diligent in his service than he ever had been ; and I may here remark, that it was chiefly the sins of *omission* that most grieved him. He thought he might have done more in the cause of religion than he had done, and he determined on a life of greater zeal and devotedness if he were permitted to return to health.

During the whole of this day his pain was great, chiefly arising from an excessive difficulty of respiration, and an almost incessant retching. He was, however, exceedingly patient, and never expressed the least alarm at the prospect of the final result. At various intervals we spoke upon the subject which most of all interested him, and I inquired whether he wished to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He eagerly replied that he much wished it ; " for," said he, " it is a most comfortable ordinance, but I am now too much exhausted to partake of it." We then agreed to postpone it to a more favourable opportunity, which, alas ! never came, for the distressing symptoms of his malady continually increased, and his distress from nausea and difficulty of breathing became excessive.

When his physician came (who had attended him every day from the 22d, and on this day came a

second time, with the intention of continuing with us during the night) he was in an agony from spasms in the chest, and an almost total inability to respire. In this paroxysm, which had continued for several hours, he frequently exclaimed he was dying, and seemed impatient to depart; but it was evident his mind was much occupied in prayer, and he uttered at intervals frequent ejaculations. Whatever I said to him by way of encouragement he gratefully received, and continued to express his entire confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. It was during this distressing state of bodily suffering that I said to him, "you remember the text which I preached from at Castle Church, when at Stafford?" He replied, "Yes, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" I said, "You can keep your eyes fixed upon the Saviour, and that is enough." "O yes," said he, "I do." "When Peter," I replied, "was walking upon the sea, whilst he looked at the Saviour"—he took up the observation and added—"while he looked at the Saviour he was supported on the waters, but when he turned his eye to the waves, he began to sink."

And it was evident that he received strength and comfort from these observations. When the paroxysm of spasm in the chest was painful to witness, and he observed his dear mother and myself in tears, he said to us, "Don't weep, it will soon be over; and when we get to heaven there will be no more weeping, for 'God will wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.'"

It was about this time, when we were standing around his bed, deeply affected at witnessing his sufferings, that he called us one by one that he might embrace us. He threw his arms around the neck of his father first, and with the strongest emotion kissed him, saying, "you have been a most kind and affectionate father, and I thank you for all your kindness to me." He next embraced his mother with similar tokens of affection. He then called for his brother James, and kissed him with great tenderness; then his aunt Samuel, and his cousin Mary Stanger. After this he looked around for his little brother Samuel, and on our telling him he was not present, and fearing lest his feelings would entirely overcome him if he

had been called, we requested him to desist, and to calm his agitated mind. He exclaimed, "I love that dear child — tell him to be a good boy."

And now I am mentioning his feelings of tenderness towards his relations, I am unwilling to omit the sense he entertained of every token of kindness from his friends. On a previous day our neighbour, Mr. Mumford, having heard of his illness, immediately wrote a note expressive of his deep concern at our affliction, and offering to sit up with him if he could be of the least service; he added, also, that if there were any birds which he thought he could relish, he would immediately endeavour to procure them for him. When his mother was informing him of the contents of this friendly note, he exclaimed, "Stop! — don't say any more — such kindness quite overpowers me," and he burst into tears. At all times, indeed, he felt most grateful for any act of kindness which was shown him, and during his illness he was peculiarly susceptible of any thing of this nature.

After his physician had successfully endeavoured to remove his spasms he experienced considerable abatement of pain, and though his respiration was

still difficult and laborious, yet he was not so constantly oppressed with the sensation of dying; and as his composure increased, he expressed himself more fully as to his confidence in the all-atoning sacrifice. On one occasion he said, "the Lord is my shield and righteousness, he will give me grace and glory:" on another, "surely God is not unwilling to receive any that come unto him, since he is represented by our Lord as seeing the prodigal *while yet a great way off, and running, and falling on his neck, and kissing him.*" He spoke this with great emotion, and appeared to derive from it the strongest persuasion of the safety of his state. I think it was but a short time after this that he said, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed to him till that day." I mention these few, out of many other expressions to the same purpose, to show that he enjoyed a settled faith in Christ, and great composure as to the final issue, which now presented itself in full view before him.

He had during many hours been bolstered up in his bed, and he found considerable support by throwing his arms over the necks of his father and brother, and smiling as he spoke, he said, "I love

to lean upon my dear father, because it reminds me of leaning upon my heavenly Father." This led to some remarks on the support and happiness which those enjoy who are thus privileged to repose upon God; to all of which he expressed his hearty concurrence, and he received consolation from the reflections they brought along with them.

About this time he repeated with strong emotion the following stanza of a hymn, evidently feeling the force of each word as he uttered it :

" How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

In this state of body and mind he continued till about four in the morning (Sunday), when he turned his head towards me as I was supporting his left arm and hand, and said, " I am dying." On applying my finger to his pulse, I perceived that nature was indeed giving way, and I hastened to the physician in an adjoining room, and told him that unless he came immediately he would not see my son alive. On his approaching the bedside and feeling his pulse, he intimated that

he was dying, and all the symptoms of immediate dissolution were upon him. He evidently attempted to speak, and I applied my ear to his lips, when I heard him distinctly say, "Christ is all in all"—"Glory, glory;" and he continued for some time speaking something, but his articulation was gone, and I could collect no more. It was manifest, however, that his whole soul was full of admiration and praise. Something seemed to present itself both to his eyes and to his mind, which called forth his wonder and adoration. In a few minutes, to the astonishment of us all, his pulse returned, the gurgling in his throat ceased, and life, which had just been ebbing, apparently for the last time, began again to flow. Soon after this he said to the doctor, "I thought you had sent me to heaven, but I am again returned for a short time to earth." I remarked at the time, that the expression was singular—"I thought you had sent me to heaven;" but afterwards it was explained, for he soon asked me if the doctor had not thrown him into a *trance*, for he thought he beheld heaven opened, and had seen Jesus Christ, and his sister and uncle, and this he again repeated shortly afterwards. I pretend not to interpret this fact, but merely to state it; and I may add,

when we all thought he was dying, and the physician as much so as any of us, he uttered the words, "Christ is all in all—Glory, glory"—and seemed to be in an ecstasy of holy admiration. What sensations dying persons may have, or what views of the eternal world, it is not permitted us to know; but I see nothing improbable in the supposition that the spirit, on the point of taking its departure, may have some anticipations of its future destiny, and some foretaste, if belonging to Christ, of the glory to be hereafter revealed, and the fact just stated seems to countenance such an opinion.* It is a rare circumstance for a person to be restored from the act of dying to record what transpired at that awful moment, and therefore it would be rash to draw any general conclusion from an insulated case: but be this as it may, my dear child was evidently conscious of something which gave him a foretaste of the enjoyments of the blessed, and he seemed as if he had caught a portion of the spirit and feeling of the invisible world, from the manner in which he afterwards addressed us. Indeed so remarkable and appropriate were the sentiments which he uttered, that

* See note at the end.

I could not help at the time requesting those who were present to treasure them in their memory for our future consolation ; but alas ! we were all too much occupied with the scene before us to think much of the use which might be made of future recollections, and it is only a few of the fragments, and some of these perhaps displaced, that we are now able to collect. As it regards myself, the review of the past appears more like a dream than a reality, and if the long absence of my dear son did not assure me of the fact, I might still almost consider it as a vision of the night.

As soon as he had in some degree recovered his strength, he looked around on his friends with feelings of peculiar tenderness, and seeing his aunt Samuel at the foot of his bed, he called her to him, and embracing her, told her how greatly he loved her, and observing that he should soon be with her husband, he enquired if she had any message she would wish him to deliver.* After this

* It is a fact well calculated to arouse our attention to the uncertainty of life, even when it promises most, that within the short space of little more than sixteen months three individuals in the same family, whose ages might seem to ensure for them a long continuance of earthly enjoyment, were cut down by the stroke of death. My beloved daughter died the 9th of May,

he addressed every one of us, and made some observations appropriate to each, and took of us his last and affectionate farewell.

1823, aged 23. Her uncle Samuel, who had followed her to the grave, and was then apparently in good health, departed this life the 9th of April, 1824, aged 48; and on the 26th of September in the same year, was added my dear eldest son, aged 21. And now I have made mention of my beloved brother Samuel, I cannot resist the desire I feel of recording my affection for him. He had led a remarkably active life, and had raised himself, by his firmness of principle and uprightness of conduct, to a great degree of respectability in the city of London. Wishing to retire from the fatigues of business, he purchased the estate of Duncroft, near Staines, and was peculiarly delighted with his country residence, and the improvements he was daily making on his estate. In this retirement he had scarcely lived four years when he was seized with a complaint which baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. During seven months he endured a state of suffering which, perhaps, has seldom been equalled, and at length nature sunk under the unequal contest. But here, also, we saw abundant cause to offer thanksgivings to our merciful Father. His protracted illness afforded him the opportunity of turning his mind more immediately to the subject of religion than the bustle of an active life had hitherto permitted. For although he had long paid a decided attention to the most momentous of all concerns, yet he had not furnished his mind as he wished to do with those considerations and views of the Gospel which are so essentially requisite to produce a *meetness* for the kingdom of heaven. During, however, these seven months of severe discipline, his growth in humility, his increasing confi-

To his brother James he said, "You are preparing for the ministry; preach the cross of Christ and don't be ashamed of it, though the world may be ashamed of you: if God be not ashamed of you, you need mind nothing else. I thought I should have been called to the ministry, and I hoped to have done some little good; but the Lord has otherwise ordained matters." When he had thus addressed his parents and his brother, he enquired for his little brother Samuel; when told that he was not present, he said, "I have dearly loved that child, and have often earnestly prayed

dence in the Saviour, and his desire to be conformed to his image, were apparent to those of his friends and domestics who were most in attendance. When the awful conflict with death drew nigh, his Christian fortitude proportionably increased, and he expressed a strong persuasion that he should soon enter into rest. He said to me within a few hours of his death, "I am surprised at my own composure at this awful moment, I believe the Saviour will not reject me; I shall soon be in heaven, and again see my dear Hannah." When I administered to him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, he appeared in very deed "to feed on the body and blood of Jesus Christ." And from that period, as far as I recollect, he never entertained a serious doubt of his final acceptance. Thus have three of our nearest and dearest relatives joined, within a few months, the blessed company of heaven, and are ready to hail the entrance of the rest of their friends into their happy abode. May none of us fall short of it through unbelief!

for him"—and he begged that we would take all care of him and instil into his mind Christian principles. He then took an affectionate leave of his aunt Samuel and his cousin, and expressed his gratitude to a kind female attendant for her extraordinary assiduity and kindness in waiting upon him.

After this he enumerated all the friends he could at the time call to mind, and made various observations on some of their characters, desiring that messages might be delivered from him to one or two of them. After he had done this, he said to me, "I wish, father, you would preach a sermon to the Sunday School children, and tell them how dearly I loved them. Tell also Mr. —, though I do not know him, if he becomes your curate, that I beg of him to *shepherd* the flock. I love the people of Chobham, and O (turning again to me) charge them that they lose no time in seeking salvation: but little more than a week ago I was comparatively well, and now I am dying." All this and much more he went through with a degree of strength, firmness of voice, and self-collection that greatly surprised us, and he really seemed, as I before hinted, as if he had derived a supply of strength for the occasion from

that vision which (whether real or imaginary) had so lately animated his whole soul. Having dozed a little, on awaking he said, "I think I have been asleep and had a dream. I thought I saw a person place cards on a table, and I said take them away, and bring me a Bible."

Some time afterwards, perceiving some of us exceedingly affected and shedding tears, he said, "Do not weep, but comfort one another." But I regret that I cannot correctly gather up many other of his remarks, all tending to show the soundness of his faith, the piety and spiritual nature of his feelings, and his tender solicitude for the happiness of his friends. I may, however, observe, that the general tenor and bearing of all that he said was expressive of a mind completely at rest, and free from the least doubt as to the safety of his state. He spoke of "going to heaven" as an affair which had been previously arranged, and as though the rock on which he placed his confidence had long been tried. Nothing could well exceed the humility with which he viewed his own character; but he was mercifully enabled (as far as any one could ascertain the fact) during the whole of his illness, and especially the last day of it, to turn his thoughts

from himself to the all-sufficiency and willingness of the Saviour to save the greatest of sinners. And herein I cannot help thinking that the rough passage which his beloved sister had experienced during a part of her voyage to the haven of rest, had smoothed the waters for him—for he evidently had her frequently in mind—he quoted most of the passages of Scripture, as actually affording him comfort, which were presented to her, with a view to bring consolation, and as though he had begun in his sickness where she appeared to leave off.

Enjoying, from the first a full confidence that he should be accepted for the sake of the Saviour, he seemed never to have had this confidence shaken; and the enemy was not permitted for a moment, apparently, to harass his mind. If this were the case, how can I be sufficiently thankful for the events of my dear daughter's last few days, and for having been enabled to record them! Her beloved and favourite brother (if favourite she could have, where she loved all most ardently) was soon to follow her to the world of blessedness; and it has pleased the God of all consolation and mercy so to ordain events, that the weaker should go first—be enabled to buffet the storm, and to

triumph over death and the grave, in order that one of a stronger frame and texture of mind, in a conflict where the strongest find but little advantage, might enter without a misgiving thought into the harbour of eternal felicity. The event, too, has been merciful to the afflicted parents; for, remembering as they must ever do, the fearful tempest which well nigh sunk their beloved daughter in the mighty waters, they could not but feel an instinctive dread of the renewal of that day of darkness and tribulation, and their heart failed in the apprehension of it. But instead of this, though their feelings were put to no ordinary trial in witnessing the bodily sufferings of their dear son—yet, blessed be God, they were *only* bodily. The mind—yes, the *mind*—was at ease: peace reigned in the conscience: not only had the blood of the atonement washed away the sins of life, but the Spirit of God had brought home the comfort of it; and it is owing to this blessed fact, that in the midst of our heavy grief, whilst viewing the wreck only of a family, and feeling that the strings which bound them down to earth are now mainly cut asunder, a secret joy sometimes springs up in their breast, which leaves it doubtful whether, for the moment, grief or joy shall have the ascendancy.

But I must hasten to the closing scene. A little before nine o'clock my dear son, turning himself towards me, as I was supporting on my neck his feeble arm, exclaimed, "I shall soon be in heaven—I am dying." His countenance immediately changed, his voice faltered, his eyes rolled, and the hand of death was upon him. Again he attempted to speak, and when I uttered any thing, he caught the sounds, but could not reply. I placed my ear again to his mouth, and amongst much that I could not at all collect, I heard him say, "Holy, holy"—"Glory, glory"—and he shortly fell asleep, at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, without a struggle or a groan: and I doubt not but his happy spirit was conducted by ministering angels into Abraham's bosom. As soon as we could a little command our agitated feelings, all of us, together with his medical attendants, kneeled around the bed of the deceased, humbly acknowledging the right of our Heavenly Father to dispose of us and ours as he pleased; thanking him for his grace and mercy towards him who had just departed; and earnestly imploring him to enable us to acquiesce in a dispensation which, however afflictive and mysterious to us, could not but originate in infinite wisdom and goodness, and must finally issue,

not only in the glory of God, but the good of the sufferers. May the Father of mercies preserve us from being "weary of his correction," and permit us, at length, though it be through much tribulation, to enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

* The following observations have been recently found, written with a pencil, in his pocket-book, on the birth-day preceding his death; and they are inserted here, as showing the state of his mind at a period when he had no expectation of so early a death, but which, in point of fact, was very near the end of his pilgrimage.

"*March 18th.*—I have been, by the good providence of God, brought to see the conclusion of another year, and been permitted to enter upon a fresh one. Here, then, would I raise mine Ebenezer, and say, 'Hitherto has God helped me.' On a review of the past year, I see much cause of thankfulness for the divine mercy towards me; but much greater reason for sorrow and humiliation on account of my ingratitude and the hardness of my heart. The world, the flesh, and the devil have hitherto had too great a predominance over me; but, O Lord God, do thou enable me to resist these three great enemies, stedfast in the faith. May I look to the cross of Christ alone for all my strength and support; and if thou be with me, O my God, who can prevail against me? By thine almighty power I must come off more than conqueror. During the past year I have had a most solemn warning to be prepared for death, in the loss of a beloved and only sister: oh, that I may profit more and more by this most afflicting visitation. My dearest sister, at the age of twenty-three, has been carried away from this world of sin, temptation, and

sorrow, and admitted into mansions of eternal bliss. Oh, how loudly does this speak to my heart, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' O Lord, grant that I may keep her beatified state in view, and thus following her footsteps, be restrained from falling into those temptations under which my frail nature would be otherwise too liable to sink; and thereby dying daily to this world—by crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts, and by looking to Christ as the author and finisher of my faith, when death shall have his summons to call me hence, may I be prepared to obey the call, and meet that dearest object of my attachment in another and better world, where there will be no more separations, no more tears—where sorrow and sighing shall be done away, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest. That this may be my portion, may God grant of his infinite goodness through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"This birth-day has brought me to a most important period of my life, being on this day twenty-one years old. The circumstances of the day have been of a most awful and appalling nature." . . . Here the manuscript abruptly closes, and it may be necessary to observe, that an allusion is made to the death of a fellow-collegian, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy, who was unfortunately drowned whilst amusing himself in a boat on the river, from which by some accident he fell overboard, and before assistance could be procured life had become extinct.

NOTE. See page 225.

Upon this point I can scarcely forbear adding a few thoughts of a somewhat more speculative nature than may seem exactly suited to this brief statement of the last hours of my son. Bishop Butler, in his admirable treatise on the Analogy of Religion, &c., shows there is presumptive evidence that "the living persons, ourselves," are not affected by the death of our bodies. Nay, more, that there is no sufficient reason for supposing that even our present intellectual powers are destroyed, or even suspended, by death. He observes, that in certain "diseases, persons, the moment before death, appear to be in the highest vigour of life. They discover apprehension, memory, reason, all entire; with the utmost force of affection, sense of a character of shame or honour, and the highest mental enjoyments and sufferings, even to the last gasp: and these surely prove even greater vigour of life than bodily strength does." From which he concludes, that there can be no pretence for supposing, that in any disease which proves mortal, there can be a destruction of the reflecting powers. He then proceeds to show that there is scarcely more reason for supposing that death even *suspends* the

exercise of these powers, "or interrupts our *continuing* to exist in the like state of reflection which we do now. For suspension of reason, memory, and the affections which they excite, is no part of the idea of death, nor is implied in any notion of it. And our daily experiencing these powers to be exercised, without any assistance that we know of, from those bodies which will be dissolved by death; and our finding often that the exercise of them is so lively to the last; these things afford a sensible apprehension, that death may not perhaps be so much as a discontinuance of the exercise of these powers, nor of the enjoyments and sufferings which it implies." (Analogy, chap. 1, part 1.) It is in illustration of this hypothesis that I adduce the facts stated in my narrative. The powers of the mind, it is evident, continue in many cases undiminished till the moment of death; why, then, may they not still continue when that moment has passed? The case before us is no inconsiderable presumptive proof that they do so continue, and that without the least aid from the body. My son was considered, by the experienced physician, who must have witnessed, in his protracted life, as many persons in the article of death as most men, to be actually dying. His eyes, his countenance, his articulation, his pulse—all indicated that the hand of death was upon him, and when he actually did depart the symptoms were precisely the same, except that life which had before ebbed and flowed again now ebbed for the last time. He *appeared* at that moment to have the full exercise of the powers of reflec-

tion, but the fact could not have been *ascertained*, had he not revived to tell us so. The body was *apparently* lifeless, but the mind was in full exercise. He was not conscious of what had been the state of the body, but he was conscious of the operation of his own mind, and he imagined he had been in a trance. His thoughts had been previously occupied about seeing Jesus Christ, his sister, and his uncle ; and when animation was suspended, he thought he saw "heaven opened," and the objects there of whom he had just been thinking. In about four hours after, he actually died. The same appearances again took place as before ; his mind was equally occupied ; a few words similar to those he before uttered were again heard, and he ceased to breathe. While the functions of the body were only *suspended*, his mind was occupied with adoration and praise ; when those functions were actually *destroyed*, he was in the act of exercising the same ardent powers of the mind. Is it not then in a very high degree probable that the mind *continued* in the exercise of its powers even when the body had lost its sensations ? and that there was an immediate transition from one state of being to another, without the least suspension, and much less destruction of the exercise of the intellectual powers ? If then the analogy of the two cases referred to be just, we have an evidence that the cold and cheerless doctrine which some persons, professing to hold the Christian system, maintain, that the soul sleeps with the body till the morning of the resurrection, is as *unphilosophical* as it is *unscriptural*, and we have almost the testimony of fact, as

well as the sure declarations of unerring truth, that in the moment of a Christian's death there is an immediate transition from one state of being to another; and it is analogous, as Bishop Butler has shown, to the natural course of things, to conclude that it is immediately placed in a higher and more enlarged, and more happy state than the present.

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